

# The CANADIAN FORUM

*An Independent Journal of Opinion and the Arts*

## No Deal With Malenkov

► AT THE TIME of the Potsdam conference a French paper observed that the Germans have succeeded in dividing the Allies into four zones. It seems that the Russians came to Berlin ready to take over from the Germans the task of carving up the West. With four more days of the conference left Mr. Molotov's objectives at the conference table appear to have been as follows: first, to prevent the formation of the European Defence Community and to make the position of British and American troops on the Continent untenable as a consequence; secondly, to tie Western and Central Europe to the Soviet orbit by a series of non-aggression treaties, notably with France, and a unified, neutralized, and suitably doctored Germany; and thirdly, to establish for China a right to bargain with the other powers of the world over her ill-gotten gains throughout Asia.

No one can accuse the communist statesmen of having set their aims low. In fact, it becomes a matter of great interest to speculate on the reasons which have led them to expect that they might see all, or even a fair part, of their aspirations fulfilled in a deal with the West. The climate of public opinion in the Nato countries must have appeared to them favorable. Neutralism in France and the U.K., while perhaps not on the increase, has certainly become more vocal in its demands for a détente, and has been given every aid and encouragement from Moscow, what with M. Daladier and French businessmen visiting Warsaw while a variety of Soviet *artistes* were performing in Paris. Educational talks on trade have been given British and German businessmen as well. All these comings and goings have left a mark on Europeans understandably anxious to shed some of the load of defence in order to move more speedily with improvements in their standard of living. A Congressional election in the U.S. makes the most ardent defenders of freedom against aggression highly receptive to signs of relaxation of tension which enable them to offer to the voters increased security at a lower cost, and with fewer boys away from home into the bargain. Sir Winston Churchill's human desire to bring peace to the troubled world before he retires, only gently restrained by his colleagues—many of whom would not like to see the event postponed indefinitely, must be accounted as yet another hopeful element in the calculations of Soviet leaders. Finally, the pressure for a new, bold departure in foreign policy on the part of some members of the Republican party might have made wishful thinking in the Kremlin almost as easy as hard analysis.

To make capital, if one is allowed to use the phrase, of all this, Mr. Molotov has resorted to a softer way with his Western colleagues. Accounts of the polite exchanges at dinner parties, of rapid agreements to drop one procedural absurdity for another, of the sumptuous treatment of Western newspapermen in East Berlin bring back remembrance of the war camaraderie when, as at Yalta, nothing seemed impossible over caviar and vodka. The formula for the conference was clearly this: a willing West was to be seduced by the gentle touch.

The shift in Soviet technique, from the era of the airlift to that of the ballerinas, was so drastic and—for the ways of the communists—so timely and subtle that for a moment it looked as if Mr. Molotov might be able to get some of the things he wanted. This impression was particularly strong just before the conference and during its opening days. Had it been borne out by subsequent events, the conference would have turned into another diplomatic defeat for the West, as many who thought it should never have been held were disposed to believe.

That it did not was in a large measure due to the funda-

### CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

EDITORIALS .....	265
CANADIAN CALENDAR .....	267
H. H. WRONG— <i>G. de T. Glazebrook</i> .....	268
LONDON DIARY— <i>Gordon Hawkins</i> .....	269
FRANCE AND THE EDC— <i>S. Mack Eastman</i> .....	270
O CANADA .....	273
JOYCE CARY— <i>Carlyle King</i> .....	273
ON THE AIR— <i>Allan Sangster</i> .....	274
FILM REVIEW— <i>D. Mosdell</i> .....	275
THE POND IN WINTER (Drawing)— <i>Harold Francis</i> .....	276
BALLET IN CANADA— <i>Wendy Michener</i> .....	277
NFB— <i>Gerald Pratley</i> .....	278
AN ASTROGnome EXPLAINS THE SITUATION TO HIS IMMANENCE ON PALOMAR. (Poem)— <i>Alan Brown</i> .....	279
CORRESPONDENCE .....	279
TURNING NEW LEAVES— <i>Louis Dudek</i> .....	280
BOOKS REVIEWED .....	281
REPRODUCTION— <i>Fran Jones</i> .....	281

mental inflexibility of the Russian position. Had they offered at least some substance of compromise, instead of its pale shadow, they could have perhaps manoeuvred the Western delegates into fargoing concessions. They could have brought out some conflicts of interest among the partners in Nato. They could have produced embarrassing developments in public opinions at home.

In the event, the new flexibility proved to be a sham. Mr. Molotov again showed himself adamant over the key problem of unification of Germany. In order to prevent it, he resorted to all the tiresome tricks of Soviet diplomacy, and when he saw that the Western foreign ministers would stand their ground, he allowed the conference to go into a decline.

In all fairness one must admit that the comportment of the representatives of France, the U.K., and the U.S. was better than one had a right to expect. In particular, M. Bidault spoke with courage and firmness on the impossibility of trading concessions in Asia for the dismantling of European defences, which does him and his country great credit. Mr. Dulles showed most surprising perceptiveness in agreeing to the agenda at the beginning of the conference and, later, in agreeing to the Soviet formulation of the disputed clauses of the Austrian peace treaty. The subsequent refusal on the part of the Russians to withdraw their troops from Austria, Hungary, and Roumania served better than any other incident to expose the nature of the new line to public opinion in Europe. Mr. Eden, to leave out no one in the distribution of bouquets, presented the Western plan for the unification of Germany clearly and convincingly. The contrast with Soviet proposals for a provisional all-German government, for unsupervised elections, and for neutralization became all the more glaring.

If, as a result of the conference, the ratification of the EDC treaty in Paris becomes easier; if some unrealistic hopes of a quick compromise with the Russians will have been dispelled; and if it will have convinced the Western powers of the need for secret negotiations with the Russians on concrete issues concerning which agreement in the West has been reached beforehand, then the work in Berlin has been useful indeed. For at some future time, when the West through a more equitable sharing of burdens has become stronger and the East through experience has become more conciliatory, a deal with Malenkov may be easier to get because of the three-week wrangle in Berlin.

## Eisenhower's Optimism

Mr. Eisenhower's budget proposals to Congress and his annual message on the state of the economy gave very little indication that Republican economic policy differs greatly from that of Andrew Mellon in the twenties. The budget fulfils Republican promises to reduce expenditures by substantial cuts in the defence departments, the justification for which it is difficult for a layman to judge. But the President has asked Congress to maintain tax rates at levels set by the Democrats during inflation. The Administration is evidently still determined to balance the budget as soon as possible, which indicates how far the Republicans are devoted to their fiscal clichés of November 1952 rather than the realities of the current situation.

The keynote of the economic message is one of "cautious optimism". According to Mr. Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisors, the decline of industrial production, employment and income in the past eight months has been an "orderly reduction of inventories." When this adjustment has proceeded a little further, the theory goes, all will be well. Apart from the fact that the decline in inventories has been slight, nothing has recently occurred to suggest that

business activity is about to pick up. It is to be hoped that the President's optimism is better founded than that of various U.S. steelmakers, who keep predicting an upturn in their own business which shows no signs of materializing. The public is naturally apprehensive that the Republicans are still given to whistling in the dark. Last time, the tune was "just around the corner".

## Mortgage Interest Rates

The rate of interest on mortgages advanced under the terms of the new National Housing Act is yet to be finally determined. From remarks made before the Committee on Banking and Commerce by Mr. Mansur, President of Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation, it appears likely that the rate will be  $5\frac{1}{2}\%$  or slightly more. This seems generous indeed, when it is remembered that rates under similar legislation in the United States are about  $4\frac{1}{2}\%$ , and in Britain also  $4\frac{1}{2}\%$  without any government insurance. Even in Australia and New Zealand, where conditions are perhaps more comparable, mortgage rates are in the vicinity of  $4\frac{1}{2}\%$ .

Yet Mr. C. S. Robertson, President of the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation, recently announced to his stockholders that, if interest rates were to be held down to 6% or less, "the risks involved in all this do not appear to me to be worth it". Since the government proposes to absorb all but 2% of the losses, and since the normal loss experience of mortgage lenders is much less than this, it is hard to understand what risks Mr. Robertson is referring to. The government is offering our financial institutions an opportunity to make a net return higher than that obtained



## THE PEDLARS FROM QUEBEC

*And Other Papers on the Nor'Westers*

By W. STEWART WALLACE

The Champlain Society brought out, in 1934, the author's *Documents Relating to the North West Company*. Dr. Wallace has continued to explore the history of the Nor' Westers. As new information has come to light he has embodied it in essays and these comprise the majority of papers in this volume. Illustrated. \$3.50.

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from any "trustee" security, with the bulk of the risk being assigned to the taxpayers. Under the circumstances it seems somewhat less than justified to complain that the proposed rate is "not worth it". It is time for some of the leaders of our financial institutions to realize that profits are paid for initiative, risk and effort. Indeed, to object that profit-without-much-risk is not large is to be an ungrateful ward of public, not free, enterprise.

## Agnes

Agnes Macphail is dead. Known to thousands simply as "Agnes," her place in the hearts of those she championed and in the history of her country is secure. From the turbulent days when she was catapulted into politics till her gallant spirit was broken by illness, she could always be found in the thick of the fight for the oppressed and the unfortunate. She entered the Commons in 1921 as a representative of the farming community she best understood, but her sympathies were too keen and her insight into human problems too profound for her to remain as the spokesman of any one class. And while her concern for the welfare of farm folk never wavered, her interest in people's problems grew as her experience widened. It was perhaps natural that she should eventually have found her spiritual home with the CCF.

The first woman ever to sit in the House of Commons, her reception at the hands of male members convinced that woman's place was anywhere but in parliament was far from cordial. But by her wit and early mastery of parliamentary debate, as well as by her downright sincerity and integrity, she quickly won the reluctant admiration of even those most violently opposed to her views.

Her first concern was for the inequalities to which women are subjected, but she soon threw herself into the fight for more humane treatment of people in gaols, reformatories and penitentiaries; and if the condition of these unfortunates has been bettered, to her is due much of the credit. Like nearly everyone during the twenties, she was an opponent of war, and she waged a one-woman campaign for the establishment at Ottawa of a ministry of peace. But, unlike many pacifists of those days, she never recanted her views concerning the futility of force, and it was a sad day for her when the world again resorted to war. Her heart was "tired," the doctors said when she took ill; and that was not strange, for it had long been laden with the woes of others.

## The Strange Case of the Bricker Amendment

Immediately after Congress convened in January, the American press suddenly began to give front-page coverage to a political controversy over a proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States of which eighty per cent of the American people had previously never heard, if public opinion polls are to be believed. Early supporters of the Bricker Amendment—named after Senator John Bricker of Ohio, its chief sponsor in the Senate—had been quietly building up wide support for it among patriotic groups since the last few months of the Truman Administration when sixty-four Senators, the majority of them Republicans, sponsored it, their number equalling the two-thirds of the Senate needed to pass a constitutional amendment.

The amendment addressed itself to an alleged ambiguity in the treaty-making powers granted by the Constitution to the President, subject to ratification by the Senate. Under the Constitution a treaty becomes, after its ratification, the supreme law of the land, which conceivably could, Bricker

and his supporters insist, permit a subversion of the rights guaranteed by the Constitution itself should a venal President and the two-thirds of all those present in the Senate needed for ratification conspire to abuse the treaty-making powers to this end. The exact intent of the framers of the Constitution, and the ways in which the section on treaty-making powers have been and might be construed by the Supreme Court, are obviously matters for constitutional lawyers to decide. As is usual in controversies of this kind where there are strong undertones of political passion, prominent constitutional lawyers may be found on both sides of the question.

The Amendment purposes, in essence, a transfer of the treaty-making powers from the President to Congress by requiring supporting legislation "which would be valid in the absence of a treaty" before a treaty can become the law of the land. It is this "which clause", as it has come to be known, that has been the chief target of the critics of the amendment. President Eisenhower, whose administration has not exactly won fame for the firmness of its leadership of the Republican Party in Congress, has taken a very firm stand indeed on this issue. Declaring himself "unalterably opposed" to the amendment in its original form, it is at the time of writing virtually conceded that he has ensured its defeat, for only thirty-two plus one Senators are needed to defeat it and the group of Northern liberal Democrats in the Senate have from the beginning opposed any amendment affecting the treaty-making power. A compromise amendment of some sort may still pass, although any wording that is not manifestly innocuous will also be opposed by the Administration on the grounds that an ambiguous pronouncement might lend itself to interpretations by future Supreme Courts that might effect part of the purpose of the original amendment. The opponents of the Amendment have pointed out that even if the possibility of collusion between a "subversive" President and like-minded Senators is taken seriously, a simple change in the Senate rules to require a two-thirds vote of the entire Senate rather than just of all those present would suffice partially to block the "loophole in the Constitution" which the Bricker supporters are so alarmed about. Of course two-thirds of the entire Senate might be subversive too, but should this ever transpire one might be justified in deciding that the American people didn't deserve the protection of the Constitution.

So much for the issue itself. Actually, advocacy of the Bricker Amendment is clearly political in intent. It was designed to punish the Truman Administration by giving concrete and permanent expression to Congressional distrust of the foreign policy that Senator McCarthy temperately likes to describe as "twenty years of treason". The Amendment is, in effect, an isolationist response to the frustrations of the postwar world. The support it has gained grows out of the same mood that led to the passage of the Neutrality Act in the 1930's. Both were attempts to exorcise by legalistic incantation the memory of recent history.

DENNIS H. WROG

## Canadian Calendar

The House of Commons and the Senate have passed a bill increasing the annual remuneration of MP's and Senators from \$6,000 to \$10,000, and that of members of the Cabinet from \$10,000 to \$15,000.

\* \* \* \*

George V. Ferguson, editor of *The Montreal Star*, told the Canadian Club of Toronto that an aggressive U.S. leadership has filled the vacuum created by the withdrawal of Britain and that Canada today is reacting toward the influence of its



big neighbor in much the same way it had once reacted to British influences.

On February 5 Finance Minister Abbott tabled in the House of Commons estimates of expenditures for the fiscal year starting April 1 totalling \$4,492,000,000, a peacetime record. As an additional \$355,850,000 must be provided for old age pensions, \$48,000,000 for sundry loans and advances, and, as supplementary estimates are to be brought down later, government spending in the coming fiscal year is expected to approach \$5,000,000,000.

The four-months strike at the McIntyre-Porcupine gold mine was settled on January 16.

A proposal that the U.S. grant corridors in the Alaska Panhandle to Canada for the establishment of deepsea ports and industries on Canadian territory has been made by the British Columbia and Yukon Chamber of Mines.

During 1953 Hamilton ranked third among Canadian ports in point of tonnage handled, being exceeded only by Vancouver and Montreal. It exceeded Toronto by 1,800,000 tons.

A move to align the 250,000-member Ontario Provincial Federation of Labor with the CCF party was defeated at the closing session of the federation's convention at Windsor on January 17.

Mr. Justice Rand of the Supreme Court of Canada addressing the conference on Community Security vs. Man's Right to Knowledge at Columbia University, New York, on January 16, said the Canadian Government has found it desirable to keep publicity to a minimum in administering its internal security policy.

The Legislative Assembly of Quebec unanimously approved on January 19 Bill 38 to curb distribution of literature abusive and insulting to any religious group. Premier Duplessis said the bill was aimed at Jehovah's Witnesses and all others who might behave as they do.

A special committee of Ontario lawyers will study Quebec's controversial Bill 38 for its "constitutionality and propriety," delegates attending the Ontario mid-winter meeting of the Canadian Bar Association were told on Feb. 7.

The Jehovah's Witnesses are seeking disallowance at Ottawa of the latest Duplessis legislation designed to replace a law restricting Jehovah's Witnesses which the Supreme Court of Canada held to be *ultra vires*.

The National Political Action committee of the Canadian Congress of Labor has called new Quebec labor legislation aimed at fighting communism a threat to organized labor throughout Canada.

Dr. Wilder Penfield, director of the Montreal neurological Institute at McGill University, has been elected a member of the Athenaeum, exclusive London club whose members are distinguished in the arts, sciences and public life.

Foreign investment in Canada is greater than in any other country. Non-residents own 40 per cent of our manufacturing industry, 45 per cent of mining and smelting and 42 per cent of our railroads.

Finance Minister Abbott told the leaders of the country's two major labor organizations on February 11 that they should go easy on talk about unemployment, lest they talk the country into a bad situation.

Charges of graft and corruption amounting to the value of \$7,000,000 in connection with highways construction in Northwestern Ontario have been lodged with the Ontario Department of Highways, which has ordered an investigation by J. D. Woods & Gordon Ltd. of Toronto, management consultants.

Dushan Bresky, a reporter for the *Calgary Herald*, has been honored by the College Art Association of America with the Frank Jewett Mather citation in art criticism, awarded for the first time this year. He received the citation for a

(Continued on Page 287)

## H. H. Wrong

Hume Wrong died in January at the height of his powers after a life—all too short—devoted to public service. He served in the British Army and the Royal Flying Corps in the First War. On return to Canada he spent some six years as a member of the Department of History in the University of Toronto, a department built up by his distinguished father, Professor George M. Wrong. In 1927 he became First Secretary in the Canadian Legation to the United States, the first Canadian diplomatic mission. He subsequently served in Geneva, in London, on two further occasions in Washington, and also in Ottawa. He had undertaken the heavy responsibilities of Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs only shortly before his last illness.

Mr. Wrong was, then, one of the small group of men who created and developed over twenty-five years a foreign service. To this he himself made a very special contribution. In his veins ran the blood of a great humanist and scholar and a great lawyer and political figure. Hume Wrong's great intellectual capacity was obvious to all those who came into contact with him. His approach to the great variety of subjects with which he dealt was logical, and practical yet imaginative. He had great energy and an infectious enthusiasm that could lift a project out of the routine and make it live.

Much has been written, and rightly, of Wrong's understanding of the United States and his contribution to Canadian-American relations. Always unostentatious, he was yet a figure in the diplomatic world, and this was true of London as it was of Washington. A word might be added on the influence he had over the many officials who served under him, in Ottawa and abroad. None of them could have hoped for a better chief. He was receptive to suggestions, tolerant of understandable mistakes, quick in decision. To work under his direction was the means by which scores of younger men learned their profession.

No one who knew Hume Wrong could fail to see his ability. He was a great public servant. What were at first not so obvious were his wide humanity, capacity for friendship, and simple kindness. He will be remembered with as great affection as admiration.

G. DE T. GLAZEBROOK

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## THE CANADIAN FORUM

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## London Diary

► **QUITE THE MOST REMARKABLE** feature of the present session of the British House of Commons is the warmth of feeling, bordering on devotion, which the Labor members of Parliament show toward the Prime Minister. Considering the nature of their long-standing antipathy and the tenor of the last electoral campaign with the Labor charge that government under Churchill might mean a trigger-happy nation, the growth of this deep esteem is a very strange thing. Partly it is due to his famous May speech on the possibilities of international conciliation, which struck a chord in the harassed hearts of many a crusader. Partly it is the result of the extreme benignity of manner the P.M. shows to all and sundry in the Commons these days and particularly to the Labor colleagues of the coalition years. There is a Labor fear, also, that, without Sir Winston, the government might succumb more readily to the pleas of those of their backbenchers who would be more adamant with Russia and with Nguib and more influential on domestic issues like that of commercial television. Yet there seems to be more to this warmth and esteem than political regard and care for policy.

The hierarchy of the Labor party is, to its supporters, a democratic body of leaders and, to its opponents, a hydra-headed thing with a tendency to wound itself. Certainly it does not have a supreme leader in the pyramid-sense in which Sir Winston is a leader. Mr. Attlee is, and seeks to be, a *primus inter pares* of a most permissive kind. It may be that the Labor members, in the middle reaches of their subconscious, feel the need for a Father-image and, with an immaculate piece of love-transference, have found him in the survivor of Omdurman and the Boer War.

The first vigorous debate of the year touched upon a matter of Canadian concern: a standard rifle for NATO. The facts which had moved British technical advisers to change from the advocacy of the new British EM-2 rifle to the Belgian FN. 30 were very involved and most acrimoniously discussed. The most telling argument seems to be that the Americans, for good technical reasons, would not accept the British model and, as Canada had said that she would not employ a weapon which did not have U.S. backing, the British government turned to the FN. 30. It seemed that if it did this it would be able to count on the backing of Canada in its manufacture and use. It is unlikely that the Americans will use it for some time. Another matter of interest is that both British and Canadian suggestions have been considered in the later Belgian modifications of their model. This, together with the fact that the NATO countries have agreed on a .30 rimless cartridge as a standard size of round, suggests that standardization is becoming a more manageable problem in the councils of the west. Not that these thoughts were uppermost in the minds of the Commons debaters. The matter there was more local and factional. Honors were impugned, mud flew and stuck and the Prime Minister was accused of wanting to meet the jet age with the butt end of a rifle. Previously, arrangements had been made for members of both sides of the House to try out the new rifle on the range—a proposal Sir Winston agreed to, on condition that suitable arrangements were made for pairing.

\* \* \* \*

The Tate Gallery in London has a wide and well-spread popularity. As well as its permanent collections, it holds a series of short-term exhibitions of great variety. A fine if overpowering display of Matthew Smith, a superb gathering



"... AND WE HAVE AN ARMOURY OF WEAPONS TO COPE WITH THE PROBLEM ..."

of Renoir's paintings and directed sculptures and a showing of some of the more felicitous works of Dufy were three of its most recent events. It has, of course, a number of grants and bequests with which to enhance its own possessions. Some news about the administration of these funds has set off a mild consternation among the art public and furious indignation among groups of artists and their more excitable friends.

The Board of Trustees of the Tate admitted, of their own accord, that they had bought a Henry Moore sculpture with monies that should have been spent on British paintings and had used other funds to buy works not permitted in the terms of reference. These doctrinal errors might have passed without much comment had not Graham Sutherland then resigned from the board. Sutherland, painter of bombed London and of the countryside in all its human contortions, whose canvases of Somerset Maugham and Lord Beaverbrook have given a new vigor to British portrait painting, left the board because of "allegations of maladministration" which had disturbed him during his six years of trusteeship. He accuses his fellow trustees also of missing an important work at a time when it could have been bought for half the sum they eventually paid for it. This is presumably a reference to an oil painting of Picasso, "Femme nue dans un Fauteuil rouge," painted in 1932, for which the Tate paid some fourteen thousand dollars last December. Quite apart from the accuracy of the charges and the problem of asking living artists to pass judgment on their contemporaries in the making of a national collection, it is very satisfying, in a perverse sort of way, to observe that the controversy has had as much publicity and general interest as the fact that an electrician's strike caused the great Cruft's Dog Show to be cancelled.

A thin but steady trickle of Canadian talent feeds and enriches the mainstream of Britain's TV entertainment. A recent success was Robert Beatty who gave a finely-gauged performance of the modern-idiom Romeo in Van Druten's "There's Always Juliet." The Bradens continue to hold more than their own. With a secure niche in steam radio, Bernard Braden has had to recognize that his wife is his superior on the TV screen. (On the stage, currently, he is directing her in "Angels in Love," a play about Lord Fauntleroy at the age of twenty) and in Britain's high-spot parlor game "What's My Line?" Barbara Kelly is a star.

For a climate that is fundamentally temperate, the British weather has an exceedingly high news content. Just a year after the floods devastated the coast of eastern England, the Gulf Stream deserted her and a spell of continental cold perturbed the land. By any Canadian standard it was a slight affair: ten days or so with twelve or thirteen degrees of frost. No more. The people bore it with a trembling stoicism remembering it was the British who conquered Everest. But it was bitter and remorseless while it lasted. There was no hope of a chinook. What was much worse: it showed up the British standard of living in all its starkness. In a land where central heating is still regarded as one of the deadlier sins, where you will not find a good British home without a good British draft running through it, a bad winter is hell below zero. One critic said that the British are incapable of feeling warm without feeling guilty. When a visitor from the new world says that Britain is decadent and gives as his reason that the plumbing is bad, he has a case. Pipes freeze and then burst all over the place. They are constructed that way—in the oldest manor or in the newest council house. A Scandinavian observer has suggested tartly that if the British will not recognize with the rest of the western world that it does not have to be as cold inside as outside, then they had better show their talent for compromise and keep themselves going for another hundred

years by inventing a drinkable anti-freeze. It will be a long time before we see a real revision of the heating processes. It is a traditional craft. It was not really surprising that in "Panorama," Britain's TV magazine on London's life of art and letters, the celebrity spot should be filled one week by Erich von Stroheim, the next by the ballet impresario, the Marquis de Cuevas and the following week—by a plumber.

GORDON HAWKINS

Hitchin, Herts, England.

## France and the EDC

S. Mack Eastman

► CHANCELLOR KONRAD ADENAUER has been hailed "Man of the Year" for 1953. He has succeeded Robert Schuman as "Mr. Europe" in American acclaim. For him Bonn's ratification of the European Defence Community Treaty was a personal triumph. For his Germany, general ratification would signify an astounding reversal of fortune, all gain and no loss. Even should the European Army come into being, then fall apart, it would leave his dynamic Federal Republic independent, most powerful of West European countries, and most eagerly courted.

For a non-communist Italy also, EDC offers almost total advantage, while Belgium, Luxembourg and the Netherlands will wisely make the best of what comes. France alone lies in an agony of indecision engendered by excessive individualism, cancerous communism, deep-rooted internal divisions and heavy external pressures. She is over-extended abroad and over-taxed at home. Of her total annual product, 33 per cent is absorbed by taxes, mostly indirect, whereas the figure for the United States is 25 per cent, mostly direct. She is so dependent on American financial aid as to have lost full freedom of action.

To understand France's situation, we must recall some historic background which her older generation holds in memory. The awful hemorrhage of the First World War left France enfeebled and deprived of a generation of potential leaders. From 1919 till the mid-thirties, she led the other danger-conscious nations in the quest for collective security through a League of Nations endowed with authority and power, including a League Police Force. Unhappily the British peoples, the Scandinavians, and others who felt themselves safe, refused to the League the powers they were later to assign to the United Nations, while pressing at Geneva their panacea of disarmament relentlessly upon France and the other neighbors of Germany.

In 1929-30 Briand sought a fresh hope in European Union, but Commonwealth countries feared a continental zollverein, while Stresemann's successors reversed his favorable attitude. During the latter thirties, Paris became the harassed centre of converging and contradictory pressures, Russian Communist, Nazi, Fascist and Anglo-Saxon. After the stunning defeat, the demoralizing Occupation, the glad Liberation, the first high promise of the United Nations, the ghastly chasm widening between Russia and the West—French internationalists concentrated their hopes again upon Europe.

Among these federalist crusaders were Robert Schuman, Jean Monnet, "the inspirer", Pléven, Bidault, most of the Christian Democrats (M.R.P.) and most Socialists (except those disliking a "Vatican Europe"). They strove with "tenacity and fanaticism almost" for Continental federation: "Europe must federate or perish!" They had rallied eagerly to Churchill's "European Movement," but were disillusioned when they found that neither Laborites nor Conservatives would accept federal solutions. ("We cannot," explained Mr. Eden. "We feel it in our bones!") No persuasion

could shift Britain from her life upon the high seas, within the Commonwealth and in untrammelled converse with the United States; she would co-operate only in sovereign independence. The Scandinavians followed in her train, and so the soaring plan for a supreme Council of Europe was reduced to an all-European debating society.

Schuman's most important collaborators were his German and Italian fellow-Catholics, Chancellor Adenauer and Premier de Gasperi. As British and Scandinavian "pragmatists" had advocated a "functional" approach to particular problems, Schuman and his two colleagues now sponsored Monnet's invention of a functional project of unprecedented scope and boldness, the truly revolutionary Coal and Steel Community. This "Schuman Plan" aims at building a welfare state with a common market for the six nations of "Little Europe", (and others later) as well as making war among its members materially impossible. Actually it has been functioning successfully for a year. However, its supranational character, prime factor of its efficacy, rendered it unacceptable to the United Kingdom and Northern Europe. Its directing organs are: a High Authority and Consultative Committee, a Common Assembly, Council of Ministers and Court of Justice.

Yet, though other schemes, like agricultural and transportation pools, also met with disappointment, the general political climate, warmed by the beneficent influence of the Marshall Plan, remained surprisingly propitious to European and especially Franco-German co-operation, so much so that one French dissident protested: "We are offering to a defeated Germany what she would have imposed on us, had she been victorious."

The fateful Korean thunder-clap of June, 1950, followed by the abrupt change of American policy to wholesale re-armament of the West (including Germany despite the Potsdam agreements) vitiated the pleasant atmosphere. Pléven, Schuman, and their counsellor, Monnet, resolved to retain American friendship, yet fearful lest the spectre of a resurrected Wehrmacht dismay the French people and cause a disastrous setback to the good work already done, concocted almost overnight a scheme for a European Army, cast in the mould of the Coal and Steel Community, and designed to serve the double purpose of hypothetical defence against Russia and military union of France and Germany. An incredulous world heard that the armed forces of six peoples, speaking five different languages but wearing one uniform, were to be intricately interwoven into a single army of "Little Europe", serving within the enveloping structure of NATO. Thus was the threat of a separate German general staff and army to be dispelled, while the ex-enemy and new ally was to furnish combatants only in small groups.

On October 24, 1950, the National Assembly approved this imaginative "Pléven Plan" (which "at first horrified" General Eisenhower) by 349 votes to 235. It then re-affirmed in a rider its opposition to any German national army by 402 votes to 168—the minority apparently doubting the wisdom of such a caveat.

Seventeen months of negotiation among the six States transformed the plan almost beyond recognition, into the complicated Draft Treaty of 132 Articles for a European Defence Community, binding for fifty years, in contrast with the twenty years of NATO (revisable after ten years). Germany's subordinate position had naturally disappeared, and the French Assembly and electorate were thrown into consternation and unhappy division among and within the political parties. To millions of people, re-arming Germany so soon would be a betrayal of the dead; the "Good Europeans" had outdistanced public opinion; and Walter Lippmann warned Washington against the divisive effects of such a "forced marriage." At all events, it would mean Ger-

man predominance, since one "law of history" is that authority goes finally to the strongest.

In the French Assembly the hundred Communists and scores of other deputies remained vehemently opposed to German re-armament in any form. However, there were many who objected merely to this particular treaty. To most military and legalistic critics the fundamental defect of the EDC project (now acknowledged by Schuman himself) is that it is premature and illogical inasmuch as it puts the cart before the horse: an ostensibly supranational army before the creation of the necessary supranational political authority to direct it. It is axiomatic that an army must be the instrument of a single policy, but within EDC there are several divergent national policies, except presumably for the case of actual Russian aggression.

True, the "integrationists" have evolved an inspiring constitution for a future overall *European Political Community*, but the dreadful memories revived by the European Army controversy have strengthened doubts about even a political federation in which, for example, German and Italian votes combined could quite legally determine French destiny. Nevertheless, Pléven demanded an act of faith: "By refusing to plunge into the unknown, we may risk getting bogged down in the too well known."

A second target for criticism is the false analogy between EDC and the Coal and Steel Community. A wise German officer makes the distinction: "A multi-national army consists of human beings, and cannot be amalgamated like coal and steel plants by conferences and agreements". Military critics of several nations pronounced the Army scheme technically unworkable, though after the Bermuda and Paris meetings, General Gruenther declared it "quite feasible". However, the problem posed by conflicting national temperaments intertwined is more formidable. (Remember how in two world wars Canada has insisted on the greatest possible national autonomy even within *British* armies, and how last September, Canadian opinion recoiled from General Bradley's suggestion of a relatively simple unified command for Northern defence.) The EDC Treaty provides for a maximum of mutual interference and consequent friction, from the top down to the divisional level. *Le Monde* reports that last December the National Assembly "recoiled before the complexity of the Treaty," as would most commentators, had they read it.

Again, there is the delusion that EDC can of itself prevent the re-appearance of a German general staff and national army. Even under the Weimar Republic the general staff worked effectively underground in preparation for a glorious comeback. A remilitarized, ever dynamic and impatient Germany could easily break away from her passive partners (themselves content with the status quo) if they shrank from going along toward German objectives.

Chancellor Adenauer, his friends and his adversaries alike have proclaimed these objectives to the world: reunification and then recovery of the "lost lands" to the east. They frankly count on the support of EDC; and the tactful addition, "by methods short of war", fails to banish Russian suspicions. As Molotov has warned at Berlin, the first move to re-arm Germany within a western alliance will be taken by Russia as a challenge. French opponents of EDC seldom predict a German aggression directly against France, but rather a threat against Russia, followed by another traditional deal with her. Numbers of Frenchmen trust Adenauer, but they had trusted Stresemann and then got Hitler. Herriot and Daladier, who have struck such heavy blows at EDC, are not congenital Germanophobes but disillusioned conciliators.

Nevertheless, many adversaries of the Treaty *per se* would finally rally to its support if the balance of forces



could be redressed to offset the otherwise overwhelming industrial and military superiority of Germany over her partners. When the Pléven Plan was first accepted the French government was counting upon full British membership, the return of the regulars from Indo-China, and a "Europeanization" of the Saar.

It was Churchill himself who, at Strasbourg, in August, 1950, first launched the idea of a European Army, to the plaudits of the French federalists. Prompt was their disenchantment when they learned that Britain was to remain outside. A Socialist leader spoke for all: "Europe without Britain is inconceivable." Later, in redrafting the Pléven Plan, the French made so many concessions to British objections, as to leave EDC practically intergovernmental (through unanimity requirements) and only verbally supranational. Yet finally Britain would promise only "closest possible association," in sovereign control of her own troops, within NATO but outside EDC. Mr. Churchill "begs and implores" France to lock herself up practically alone with Germany in EDC but cannot offer even one token division as an integral part of the European Army—though such a pledge would swing many hesitant votes in the French Assembly.

By an almost incredible paradox, at the very moment of demanding early French ratification of EDC, the American paymaster has pressed a reluctant France to plunge still deeper into the Indo-Chinese struggle, so utterly disastrous for her, and (like the Korean war) interminable except through agreement with the Asian Communists—or through a despairing French withdrawal. If Washington expects early ratification of the Treaty, it will have somehow to relieve France of this intolerable drain upon her military and financial resources.

As for the Saar, Chancellor Adenauer will probably be able to assure the French of at least the continued use of its coal and steel, provided the European Community is to be definitively established.

One other major difficulty has puzzled even ardent federalists. The problem of the "French Union" is complex enough in itself, but when enmeshed in European integration, it becomes a conundrum. Under Article 10 of the Draft Treaty, in case of overseas emergency, France could move troops out of Europe but not in a number "so large as to jeopardize" her contribution to EDC, as agreed to by her partners. Thus if France saw an emergency in Africa when Germany saw it beyond the Oder, a dangerous tug of war would ensue. Only idyllic amity among the six partners could make EDC function effectively.

Do the foregoing considerations add up to a unanimous rejection by France of any German re-armament? Certainly not. All practical minds understand that Germany's miraculous recovery is due not only to the dynamic character of her people and to the goals they intend to attain, but also to their freedom from the defence burdens which are crushing France and embarrassing Britain. Marshal Juin and French military men generally realize that power vacuums cannot long endure, and that, in an armed world, Germany will be armed somehow by someone. Consequently, de Gaulle—although almost recklessly opposed to the "nightmare fusion" of EDC and most nationalists and many moderates would approve—as a first step—a simple confederation or coalition of national governments and armies. German in-

cluded. Indeed, some officers have advocated immediate entrance of the Federal Republic into NATO: if the "new" Germany unhappily reverted to type, only American power and not EDC's paper agreements could make her behave. However, these alternatives have not been tested in the National Assembly; Chancellor Adenauer wants straight integration, and at Bermuda, in response to Sir Winston's statesmanlike enquiry, President Eisenhower declared that for the United States it was "EDC or nothing." Yet neither he nor Churchill could guarantee the prolonged presence of their troops in Europe. (The NATO Treaty contains no such obligation).

If it is to be EDC, the United States, the United Kingdom and the Federal Republic will have to make it possible for a dutiful French Government to win votes. Meanwhile in Berlin a harassed and enfeebled France is caught between formidable pressures, American and Russian, for and against EDC.

## CANADIANA

THE GIBBET OF REGINA. The truth about Riel by "One Who Knows." 12mo paper covers pp. 200. New York, 1886. Very good copy. Postpaid. \$5.00

THE HISTORY OF THE NORTHERN INTERIOR OF BRITISH COLUMBIA (1660-1880): Rev. A. G. Morice. 8vo cb pp. 349. Toronto, Briggs, 1904. With map and illustrations. Fine copy. \$8.50

HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN WESTERN CANADA, from Lake Superior to the Pacific (1659-1895): Rev. A. G. Morice. 8vo cb pp. 362 and pp. 414 (2 volumes). Toronto, 1910. With maps and illustrations. Fine copies. The set \$14.00

THE PEOPLE OF THE LONGHOUSE (Iroquois Indians): Edward M. Chadwick. 8vo cb pp. 166. Toronto, 1897. Fine copy. \$4.75

THE FAR WEST COAST: V. L. Denton. 12mo cb pp. 297. Toronto, 1924. With 12 illustrations and 7 maps. Fine copy. \$3.50

THE CROSS-BEARERS OF THE SAGUENAY: Rev. R. W. Harris. 12mo cb pp. 203. Toronto, 1920. Fine copy. \$2.75

DEEP FURROWS: Which tells of Pioneer Trails along which the Farmers of Western Canada fought their way to great achievements in co-operation: Hopkins Moorhouse. 12mo cb pp. 299. Toronto, 1918. Good copy. \$2.50

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Mayor Harrison [Victoria, B.C.] received support from Mrs. M. F. Loughheed, member of the library board, who said: "Any book which incites the downtrodden working man to revolt should be removed. These books are in the library—I've seen them."

(Globe and Mail)

Rarely if ever can Her Majesty and Prince Philip have seen—and heard such a welcome, with the added touches which the down-under folk could be depended on to give the scheduled program, paddling surfboards out to sea to reinforce the escort, pushing one another off piers and in all manner of spontaneous ways showing their delight at having the Queen and her popular consort with them.

(Editorial in Vancouver Sun, reprinted from Montreal Star)

Words importing the masculine gender include corporations, trade-unions, and employers' and labour organizations, as well as females.

(Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Act, Province of B.C., 1948, Chapter 155, p. 3)

Leo Gauthier, Liberal MP from the Nickel Belt riding . . . turned a civic luncheon's bonhomie into an exchange of political salvos. "Tomorrow", he shouted. "I will be a \$10,000-a-year-man, and \$10,000-a-year-men don't get pushed around by \$50-a-week pen-pushers."

(Ottawa Journal)

In the news and editorial columns of some Canadian daily newspapers, including the Globe and Mail, and in some CBC radio programs, including one which was a talk on the colonizing habits of termites, John Blackmore has detected evidences of Communism at work. He was asked if he believed that such advertisers as General Motors, Simpson's, Eaton's, were Communist. "One would have to find who held the shares in those companies," said Mr. Blackmore.

(Globe and Mail)

Ottawa, Jan. 22.—One reason why a young Toronto designer could not get Government approval of his radical, low-priced house design was because Central Mortgage and Housing's chief Ontario architect thought it would make the homes "too attractive for working people."

(Toronto Telegram)

Adequate public relations meant doing the right thing for the right people at the right time, John Doherty told the Rotary Club of Ottawa Monday.

(Ottawa Journal)

He had been taking medicine for his nerves and his health had been so poor that it had brought on the behaviour as a result of which he had been charged. He hoped to go back to teaching school in order to get money for psychiatric treatment.

(Globe and Mail)

This month's prize of six months' subscription goes to Joseph McCulley, Toronto, Ont. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

## Joyce Cary

Carllyle King

"The tumult of life is the health." (*Power in Men*)

► JOYCE CARY'S little known work in political science, *Power in Men*, put out by the abortive Liberal Book Club in England in 1939, provides the key to both the matter and the manner of his fiction. This book is from beginning to end a plea for creative liberty, a state in which we ought constantly to dwell. Creativeness, says Cary, is the distinctive mark of the human condition, and the wealth and glory of a state is simply the realized liberty of its people. The chief enemy of that liberty is bureaucracy, which clips, restrains, and stultifies. Liberty opens the way to creative power — power to realize both good and evil in an infinity of forms. The exercise of such creative power, of course, inevitably produces instability, conflict, and confusion, for when man is

creative he is always in private or open conflict with the established order. "He rebels in his heart against any authority." Nevertheless we ought to cherish that rebellion, that wild creativeness, because "the tumult of life is the health of society."

It is a tumult of life that comes roaring out of the pages of his novels. His characters are always doing, running, shouting, fighting—for dear life. Usually they are making protests, violating tabus, or kicking over the traces. Disaster, or trouble at least, is never very far away from them for very long. They live constantly in a state of near-anarchy; their successes are temporary and are balanced on a knife-edge of peril. Unexpected windfalls relieve their desperate plight; bad luck punctures their prosperity. Still they find life good that way, and lap it up with a kind of bravura gaiety. Maybe life is a "fearful joy," but it is joy. They decide that it is wise to give way to gaiety, even at the expense of a grievance, for while a good grievance is highly enjoyable, it is very bad for the liver. Says Gully Jimson, the disreputable but irrepressible artist in *The Horse's Mouth* (1944): "It saves a lot of trouble between friends to swear that life is good, brother. It leaves more time to live."

Certainly Joyce Cary loses no time in the telling of his stories, and his style affirms that life is good. The speed, the excitement, and the hilarity of the prose match the high spirits of the characters. The sentences are quick and electric; the chapters are usually short and the divisions between them unobtrusively indicated; the narrative goes rushing and leaping at a rate that makes the reader wish for an occasional pause or at least a change of pace. Instead he is invited to see everything as if from the window of a train that is tearing across the landscape at seventy-five miles an hour. The diction crackles with homely figures of speech and explodes in bright flashes of color:

"Then I knocked and out came a man about seven foot high and four foot wide in a blue flannel shirt without a collar, red braces and cream corduroys. His bald head was as white as a peeled almond, but his face was the color of prune juice; and he had a large waterfall moustache like a spray of nicotine mixture. His nose was like a pear with a dent across the small end as if someone had chopped it with a hatchet; and his eyes were as green as bottle-stoppers."

From the beginning of his writing career Cary has insisted that anything that can properly be called life is wild and refuses to be patterned. In his second novel, *An American Visitor* (1933), Marie Hasluck, an American anthropologist of the golden-age or noble-savage school, comes among the Birri natives of Nigeria and begins "teaching self-determination to bare-arsed apes." Her lover, the English Resident Officer, Bewsher, dreams of federating the tribes of the Birri into some kind of political unity. The Birri, unmoved, go on living in squalid and pagan anarchy, interested only in getting some easy money from the white exploiters whose greed they emulate and whose altruism they view with suspicious incomprehension. At the end Marie recognizes how silly she has been to see in a little community of naked savages the pattern of an earthly paradise, and she reflects that "if the world was meant to be a safe place there wouldn't be any men like (Bewsher), and if no one was to die or suffer there wouldn't be any love, and if no one was to get killed there wouldn't be any life worth living."

The way to take life, Cary seems to say, is with the spit and dash of children and rogues and poets. (All children are natural delinquents, he reminds us in the Preface to *Charley is My Darling*; also, in *A House of Children*, that children are born poets and singers.) Consider three of his best characterizations, three of his "heroes": The clerk Johnson in *Mister Johnson* (1939), the painter Jimson in *The Horse's Mouth* (1944), and the swindler Bonser in *A Fearful Joy*

(1949). What they have in common is a police record and an unflinching resilience of spirit. Johnson loafs, brags, lies, cadges, cheats, steals, and kills. He is never out of trouble and he is constantly knocked down for the full count. Still he bounces back, leaping and singing with irresistible exuberance. He is a most engaging rascal. Swimming gaily on the surface of life with skill and courage, "he is a poet who creates for himself a glorious destiny." Jimson the painter has no more morals than Johnson. In high glee he flouts convention, the government, decency, and the Royal Academy; he has no sense of honor, obligation, or justice; he cheats friend and foe with unfeeling impartiality. To his art, however, he brings the devotion of a revolutionist and the endurance of a martyr, and at sixty-eight, flat on his back in hospital, he is still spouting Blake by the yard and planning his next, and best, picture. Likewise Dick Bonser goes his rampaging way, swindling men and seducing women, but always keeping one jump ahead of the police. He makes a fortune by speculation and profiteering in wartime, loses it in the Slump, marries the middle-aged mother of a girl he once seduced, and dies, if not in the odor of sanctity, at least in the capable arms of his faithful Tabitha.

Cary's women are notably capable and faithful; they are rich mines of life and they never give out. As Gully Jimson says: "But no woman really gets old inside until she's dead or takes to bridge. Scratch the grandmother and you find the grandbaby giggling behind the nursery door at nothing at all. Nothing a man would understand." Take Sara Monday, the gay amoral cook-housekeeper of *Herself Surprised* (1941), who marries her employer and raises him a houseful of children; then, when her husband is dead and her children grown-up, falls in love with Gully Jimson and looks after him for years despite the number of times he punches her on the nose; and after that becomes the mistress of old Mr. Wilcher until the law catches up with her. Even that is not the end, for after eighteen months in jail she is back again faithfully serving some man and some child.

Most of the women, and all the attractive ones, are like that. The pattern is followed by Tom Wilcher's beloved sister Lucy in *To Be a Pilgrim* (1942), the much-enduring Tabitha in *A Fearful Joy* (1949), and the generous Nina in *Prisoner of Grace* (1952), who sticks by the odious politician, Chester Nimmo, because he needs her more than her lover does. Cary's women are hard workers, good managers, eager lovers, devoted wives, generous mothers. They are also sinners—and admit it—but they are justified in their loving kindness. They are all "prisoners of grace." Mostly they are happy, too, in spite of their sins and their sufferings, because they have created in freedom. Nina speaks for them when she says: "All at once I saw that I had had plenty of freedom, and this had been the background of that happiness which I remembered so well. Perhaps it had ruined my character, but how happy I had been . . ." How life-enriching too, the reader will add.



## On the Air

► CANADIAN TELEVISION has come up with two magnificent performances in the past month — both, perhaps significantly, in the dramatic, or drama-with-music departments. One was Lister Sinclair's play, in the General Motors Theatre series, *The Blood is Strong*. The other was the CBC production of Gian-Carlo Menotti's opera *The Consul*.

Make no mistake, *The Consul* was a genuine triumph for all concerned—production, sets, lighting, staging, singing, acting, orchestra—and what else is there? Well, perhaps not quite such a triumph for Mr. Menotti, whose capacity for writing melody is apparently not quite equal to his capacity for whipping up excitement and tension. Against this, however, is the fact that this is a work which both moves and is moving, and seldom in an opera has such complete integration of every essential part been achieved.

In especial this production was a triumph for Miss Teresa Gray who, in an extraordinarily taxing part which keeps her almost steadily under the camera's baleful eyes for a full hour and a half—acting all that time and singing for two-thirds of it—acquitted herself splendidly. Joanne Ivey as the cold, mechanical consul's secretary did almost as well, and so did Glenn Gardiner, Nellie Smith, and Louise Roy.

One wonders why, however, having expended all this good talent, all this effort and money, and having achieved a really first-rate production, the CBC chose to present *The Consul* at the very tag-end of the evening. I suppose the answer is "commercial commitments" but I suggest that this is not a good enough answer. Commercial interests should not always be allowed to pre-empt the best viewing hours for their tripe, and the way to scotch this snake is to include a clause in every contract, permitting the Corporation to shift commercial shows any time that it really has something special to offer the viewer. It seems to me that in this as in some other matters the CBC does not realize the strength of its own position, which is, quite simply, that it has the whip-hand; in the long run the advertisers have to come to it on its terms.

*The Blood is Strong*, a Scotch-Canadian play by Lister Sinclair, turned out to be an extraordinarily well-constructed and well-written drama of pioneer days in this country, and in no sense the soap opera which it had been called by at least one critic. The danger here, of course, is that soap operas have so poisoned the source-spring of domestic situation as material for dramatic enterprise that any stream from those hills is automatically suspect; it takes a clear eye and a clearer mind to tell suds from pure spring water. Fortunately Mr. Sinclair has just that kind of eye and mind; he gave us an admirable and moving drama, in which he was magnificently supported by the acting of Frank Peddie and Ruth Springford, as well as by Robert Allen's excellent direction.

Trans-Canada Matinee, on Monday, February first, carried the first of a series of programs on Thailand (Siam) by Mr. Leonard Cottrell of UNESCO. Mr. Cottrell purported to deal with education and, in a heavily biased program, gave us first a short tape recording of a Thai class in arithmetic. In this the Siamese pupils could be heard learning their numbers in the old traditional way, which is just about the only way in which large sections of arithmetic can be learned—by repetition and memorization. That is, it doesn't really matter how "interested" or "relaxed" you were in the arithmetic class; if you don't know offhand, how much eleven times eleven is, if the multiplication tables haven't been thoroughly and completely hammered into your consciousness, then you'll never be much of a hand at multiplication.

"But this," said Mr. Cottrell at the end of the recording, "is obviously dull and repetitious. Come with me now to one



of the newer schools, and see how much better we do things there."

With that we were taken to one of the new UNESCO sponsored schools, but not, and this is important, to another arithmetic class. We should have been, if this was to be a fair comparison, a controlled experiment. Instead we were taken to a history class, once more the tape was set rolling, and we were given a little play which the children were acting out—one of the commonest of all gambits, I take it, of the "progressive" educator. It was notable, in fact, it smacked you in the face, that while the children might have been learning a little about acting, and later on a little about clay modeling, they were at no time learning, or even being exposed to, more than a trace of the announced subject of the class—history.

Interested, I listened again on the following Monday, and found the same procedure repeated on the second broadcast, with the same biased comparison and the same blithe assumption that the newer methods (less tedious but also less efficient) are better.

It appears, then, that the rot which has so seriously affected our own educational system, and which has been so thoroughly and alarmingly exposed by Doctor Hilda Neatby (*So Little For the Mind*) is by no means confined to Canada and the United States, but is spreading, or being spread, to the far countries.

By comparison, I happened to pick up an episode in R. N. Currie's BBC period "A Place for Poetry," rebroadcast here by the Department of School Broadcasts. This was a delight—sufficiently adult to appeal to children, intelligent, couched in clear and simple language but without any talking down—in general much less smarmy than a comparable Canadian item.

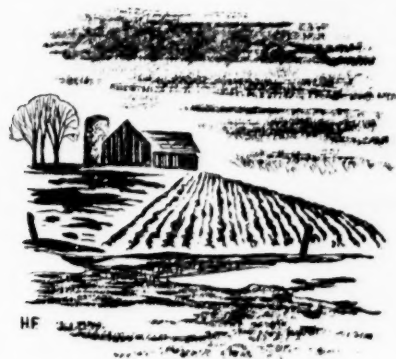
I should not let the month go by without at least a brief reference to the departure from the Corporation's Television Staff of one of the most able and gifted figures ever to serve the CBC in any capacity. Mavor Moore, who has been from the beginning Chief Producer of Television at Toronto, has resigned in order to return to the free-lance field, and will be seen during the summer as an actor in the Shakespearean company at Stratford. One cannot be too cut up over his departure, however, for this is the third time that Mr. Moore has left the Corporation's fold, and each time, after an interval, has bobbed up again, not like a bad penny, but like a bright new one.

ALLAN SANGSTER

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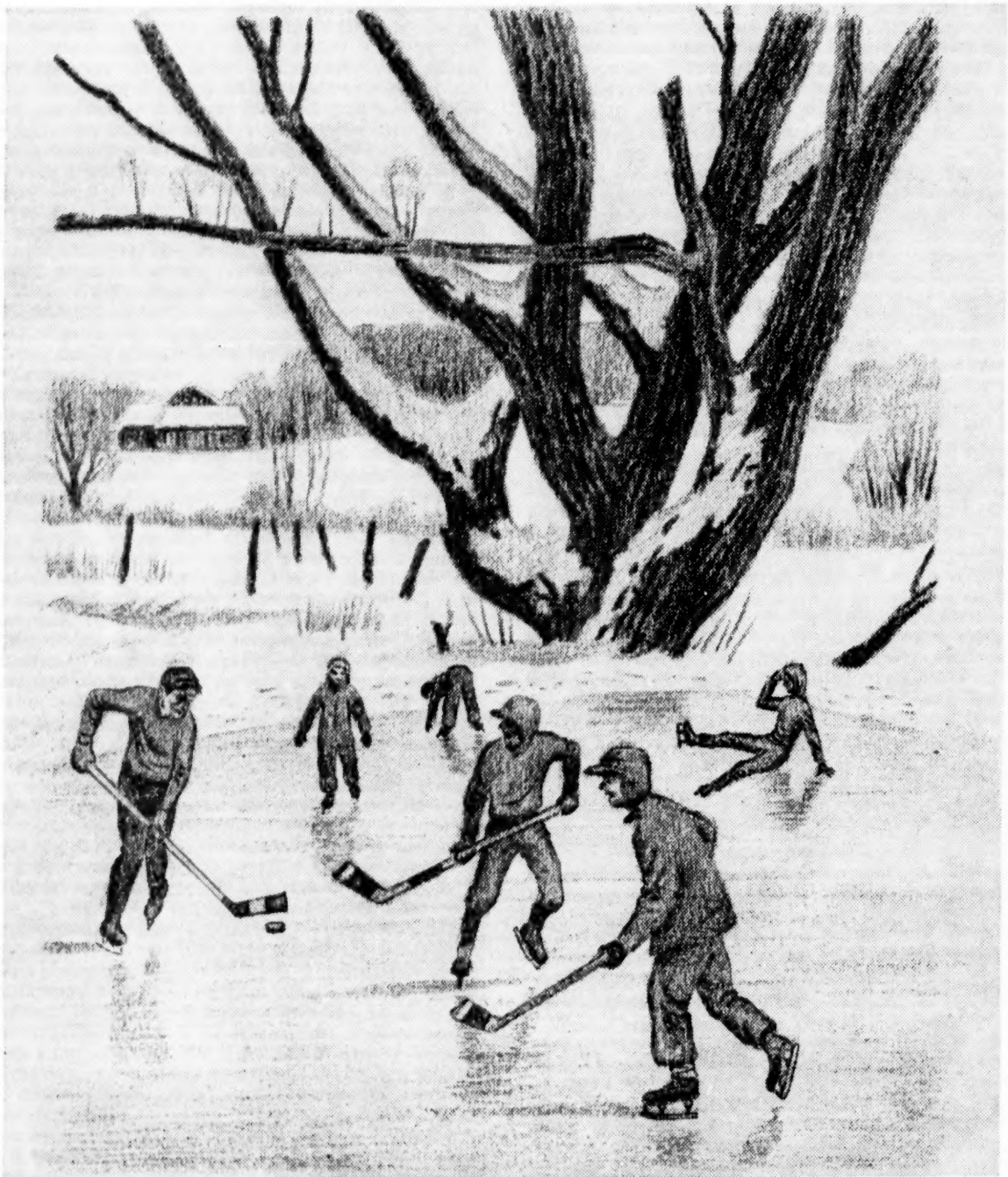


## Film Review

► THE PROBLEM of presenting a movie made originally in a foreign country to English-speaking audiences is a vexing one. Roughly speaking, there are two possible solutions. One is to use sub-titles, translating the essential speeches and leaving the rest to tantalize and annoy the customers. That customers are so frequently annoyed is at least partly due to the fact that most subtitling consists of almost literal translations, with no discernible speech rhythm, which not unnaturally give the impression that the characters are speaking in broken English. The other solution is to remove all or part of the original sound-track and substitute a sound-track in English. This process is known as dubbing. Here another problem arises: is it best to translate almost literally, using foreign actors to read the English with their own characteristic accent; or should the English sound-track be made to sound as idiomatic as possible, using English or American voices to put the speeches across? Not long ago this second approach was used in the dubbing of a new sound-track for the Italian movie *Anna*; the effect of seeing Italian actors on the screen and hearing American colloquial speech on the sound track was appalling. Actually neither the subtitle system nor the dubbing process is really satisfactory, since both involve lip movements being seen on the screen which have no audible or visual counterpart. *The Sinner* is a movie which was made about four years ago in Germany, directed by Willi Forst, and starring Hildegard Neff as Marina, the sinner of the title. Last year it was imported by Cellini Films, a company in which Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has a major interest, and a dubbing job was done which turns out to be the most effective and intelligent so far devised. To begin with, a running narrative for the heroine of the story was devised in English which while not superlative, is nevertheless good, workmanlike prose. This low-key and economical commentary is read by Hildegard Neff in an appropriately flexible tone while the story of her life is played out on the screen. The voices of the other actors in the film are also dubbed in from time to time, but only when the actors themselves are facing partially or entirely away from the camera. There are in fact only three spots in the entire film when the lack of synchronization is at all noticeable; and even there the words we hear have been carefully chosen to correspond as nearly as possible with the German words that are actually being spoken. This is not a method, obviously, which would work equally well with any foreign-made film; but it is encouraging to note that the problem is at least being given some serious attention at last.

The movie itself is the story of a young prostitute who one night picks up a drunken artist in a bar; not for money, but out of compassion. It is the first truly disinterested deed of her life, and she is never really the same again. From then on she cares for him with passionate unselfishness, and is rewarded with a few months of ecstatic happiness. What happens to them in the end is sad, dramatic, and I should imagine particularly to a German audience, deeply satisfying; satisfying because self-immolation and the fascination that death has always had for German artists of all kinds has in *The Sinner* been given a highly romantic aura and yet at the same time a real sense of the inevitable. *The Sinner* is not sensational in the American or raised-eyebrows sense of the word; but it is both romantic and morbid, in the way that the Gothic novels of the eighteenth century were romantic and morbid. Nor should it be hastily labelled as "German soap-opera" and dismissed as being beneath contempt, since the kind of sentiment it expresses has a long and respectable ancestry in German literature and culture.

As for the players, though Hildegard Neff is pleasant to watch in her slow, somnambulist way, the most arresting



THE POND IN WINTER (Drawing)—HAROLD FRANCIS

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## CANADIANA

**DOWN THE MACKENZIE AND UP THE YUKON IN 1906:** Elihu Stewart. With a map and 30 illustrations from photographs. 12mo cb pp. 270. London. John Lane, 1913. 2nd ed. fine copy. \$4.50

**THE CANADIAN MEN AND WOMEN OF THE TIME: A Hand-Book of Canadian Biography of Living Characters.** Edited by Henry James Morgan. 8vo cb pp. 1218. Toronto. Briggs, 1912. Fine copy. \$5.00

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figure in the whole movie is the doctor, played by Andreas Wolfe, a man whom the artist, with his slightly absurd but traditionally piercing insight uncompromisingly labels *The Angel of Death*. By some trick, perhaps of lighting, perhaps of makeup, Wolfe's countenance has at all times an odd luminosity, almost a phosphorescence, that is astonishingly effective. So, for that matter is the photography as a whole—sure, mannered, and entirely appropriate to the mood of the story. *The Sinner* is one of the few movies that have been made recently in Germany which do really reflect a German point of view; one which we may find unsympathetic or downright untenable, but which is in its own way quite authentic.

D. MOSDELL

## Ballet in Canada

► THE ATTITUDES OF Canada's two professional ballet companies, The Royal Winnipeg and the Canadian National, are looking very well on stage these days. The knee is well turned out and above the level of the foot; the toe of the foot is pointed straight behind the body and may be seen peeping out from a front view; and the back is strong and well supported. But their attitudes off stage leave much to be desired. The interest is turned selfishly inwards below the level of good taste, the finger is pointed accusingly at the other company and may be seen trying to scratch away the other's assets. And the back is emphatically turned.

Back-biting, I suppose, can never be completely eliminated from the theatre; however, it is particularly despicable when it impairs the progress of an art, such as ballet, which is standing on its first legs. Canadian ballet will not have a leg to stand on unless the two legs can refrain from kicking each other. The querulous rivalry between these two companies came out into the open recently when they appeared successively in Toronto. From the stage of the Royal Alexandra theatre Miss Celia Franca, flanked by her company in various stages of dress, interrupted the applause for their excellent presentation of Anthony Tudor's *Lilac Garden* to appeal for more money. She informed the audience that if the company did not receive the contributions, ballet in Canada would fold. By this she meant, of course, that the National Ballet Company would fold.

Much as we consider the National Ballet Company at the moment to be a company of decent standing, we doubt the justice of their cause. It might be of interest that the National Ballet Company has been given more in the way of money and free gifts than any other Canadian company. Toronto gives them tax-free use of the St. Lawrence Market in the summertime. The Eaton Co. has provided them with free costumes for two of their new ballets. They have a long list of patrons. It has become the favorite subject for the patronage of the socialites. And in three short years they have managed to get themselves into a position which the Winnipeg Ballet labored for years to reach. They have come in and skimmed the cream off the recent popular support for ballet from all the other companies in Canada (and there are many) who have labored for years in the pioneering of ballet in Canada.

If this company could claim to be a truly National company, their appeal might be considered more justified. But it cannot. It is merely another company which, due to certain circumstances, was able to mushroom into sizeable proportions, fed by the groundwork of previous Canadian companies. In the several articles which have been printed about the company and its history, the typical peachy publicity story is presented. The actual facts leading up to the formation of the company have been glossed over or simply omitted. It would serve no purpose to make an exposé of these facts here,

but we feel that the company might give credit where it is due. By doing this it might not have stirred up the feeling of animosity among other companies which exists at present.

Its nationality consists solely in having some dancers from some sections of Canada. This claim can be made by other companies, such as the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, or the Volkoff Canadian Ballet which have both at times represented Canada abroad. Nor does the company have a school to train its dancers. True, it runs a summer school, for two months, but this has little connection with the company. Thus it is providing no standard discipline to prepare dancers for its ranks. It has also alienated other schools which do the work of day-to-day practice on the pupils from whom they must, out of necessity, draw their recruits.

There is another question to be considered pertaining to their appeal for more support both from the government and from the public. Are they using the money they receive to the best advantage? We do not claim to have access to the accounts of the company, but it is apparent that they are exceeding their income, in spite of good audiences and good patronage. If their budget does not allow for such extensive touring as they do, let them reduce their ambitions to the size of their budget. For the last two years they have undertaken extensive tours across Canada and are scheduled to go to the United States. The reason they state is that they wish to bring good ballet to all of Canada. But why all of it at once? They would reduce their travelling expenses and bring ballet to more places that have little opportunity to see it, if they planned to cover thoroughly one section only of the country in one theatre season. They would also be able to effect a greater improvement in the company by settling down a little. The cause of the National Ballet Company is worthy, just as that of any other ballet company is worthy. But to appeal for money as THE National Ballet Company of Canada or to attempt to do things which can only come with time is to get too big for one's boots.

The Royal Winnipeg Ballet has not shown itself to be of much greater maturity in the battle of the boards. It arranged to appear in Toronto immediately following the appearance of the National Ballet Company. Then Miss Gwenneth Lloyd, the director of this company, published her quarrel in a snide advertisement on the same page as the ad for the National's performance. "We should like to remind the public that The Royal Winnipeg Ballet . . . (is) Canada's first professional ballet," stated the "notice". So nice for a professional company to be reminding one that it exists. The fact that this particular company managed to reach professional status before any of the other companies which were growing up at the same time, is no reason for trying to monopolize the field. This jealousy of individual companies to the detriment of the art to which they are dedicated is extremely petty and exists equally on both sides.

Both companies are deserving of support for both are at the moment producing ballet that is a credit to Canada. There is no reason for either to imagine that there is not room for the two of them, as well as for a good many other companies in a land as large as Canada. The whole situation is rather reminiscent of the case that came before the wise old Solomon. There were two women who both claimed to be mother to a certain child. Neither would give it up to the other. To test them Solomon decreed that the baby should be cut in half, and half given to each woman. Thereupon the real mother, who did not wish the child to die, cried out and said that the other woman should have it rather than kill it. If these companies are truly interested in the welfare of ballet, let us hope that they will follow the example of the true mother and cease trying to get the larger cut, in order that ballet may continue to live and prosper.

WENDY MICHENER

# NFB

Twirligig	16 & 35 mm 3 mins.
Rehearsal	16 & 35 mm 10 mins. b&w
Ti-Jean Goes Lumbering	16 mm 16 mins.
Farewell Oak Street	35 mm 15 mins. b&w
Corroborée	16 mm 10 mins. b&w

► AS FILM MUSIC at its best is seldom heard away from the films for which it was written, anyone wishing to listen to it and study technique, style and content must of necessity visit the cinema. As Canadian short subjects are not always easy to find, the Canadian League of Composers has arrived at the happy solution of choosing two groups of films and arranging a bi-annual screening of them to give members an idea of what their fellow composers, who work more or less exclusively in the film medium, are writing for the seventh art.

The first of this year's screenings was held in January at the Towne Cinema in Toronto and was well attended by composers and their friends. The majority did not seem to realize however, that they were there under false pretences, for out of the five movies shown: *Shadow on the Prairie*, *Today in South Asia*, *Rehearsal*, *Twirligig* and *Varley*, only the last-named, scored by Louis Applebaum, contained genuine film music. *Shadow on the Prairie* is a filmed version of Robert Fleming's ballet; *Today in South Asia* credits Eldon Rathburn with having edited and arranged native Asian music; *Rehearsal* is a concert work by Harry Somers; and *Twirligig* is a McLaren film with synthetic sound, which seems to come more within the category of "melodious noise" than music.

If the League is going to continue its commendable and encouraging support and interest in the work of Canadian film composers, it is important that it make a distinction between music written in film form and music of other forms used in films. The speaker introducing the program did not appear to consider this and spoke glowingly of good film music qualities which were not apparent in the scores we heard. In the selection of the pictures for this showing one seems to detect the hidden desire on the part of the organizers to impress the concert hall composers with a program which, on the surface, looks like an imposing contribution to film. It would be more honest to state that films do not call for symphonies or sonatas and music constructed in extended forms, but for disciplined sequences of varying lengths, the musical tones of which are relevant to the pictorial images (in ways too numerous to mention here), and then show films, properly introduced, illustrating these attributes. Only three composers from the group of five whose careers are devoted to film composition were represented by the League, the work of Maurice Blackburn and William McCauley being omitted.

*Twirligig* was originally a three-dimensional picture made in 1952 by Norman McLaren for London's Riverside Theatre in the Festival Gardens. Like all of McLaren's cameraless films, in which he paints both images and sounds directly on to clear celluloid, this is a brightly colored, fast moving succession of humorous designs, which change shape and dance mischievously across the screen in tune to the synthetically created music. As *Twirligig* was shown as a two-dimensional film the effectiveness of the added depth could not be judged, but the background designs conveyed an idea of how skilfully McLaren had probably used it. These brief, nonsensical interludes of McLaren's work are always refreshing, and with their lack of pretentious symbolism they leave one pleasantly charmed and delighted.

*Rehearsal*, directed by Roger Blais, seems a most unnecessary film. It shows a small group of musicians, conducted by Paul Sherman, rehearsing the Finale from Harry Somers'

Suite for Harp and Chamber Orchestra. Mr. Somers is in the studio and occasionally, to make things interesting, Mr. Sherman silences the orchestra and in the best musical terms learnedly asks his advice about certain passages. In his reply, Mr. Somers assumes a disinterested attitude (no doubt created by the editing) which will probably surprise him when he sees the picture. The dialogue is stilted and the over-all effect borders unintentionally on the comical. All concerned look camera-conscious and affected, and in trying to behave naturally convey the impression that this was a carefully rehearsed rehearsal.

*Ti-Jean Goes Lumbering* is also an odd choice of subject for filming by the Board. A French-Canadian folk story about a little boy who rides into a winter logging camp in Quebec and astounds the lumberjacks with his feats of strength. It lacks point or purpose and fails to charm as a fantasy. Characterization is poor, the attempt to use the slim tale as an excuse to show life among the lumberjacks is ineffectual, and the color process unsatisfactory. Coming from Jean Palardy this is a disappointment.

*Farewell Oak Street* is the first film to be directed by cameraman, Grant McLean, and he acquits himself efficiently, if not impressively, with this documentary report on the Regent Park housing development in Toronto. The film shows the slums as they were, with a cross-section of their inhabitants; the old buildings are then pulled down and their occupants transferred to their four or five rooms allotted them in the new large apartment blocks, built to replace the slums. The script, by Gordon Burwash, views all this in a conventional way and provides commentator Lorne Greene with several unnecessary observations, as for instance, people who are ill-housed drift into taverns, cinemas and the streets, a fact which is made evident by the camera.

The Australian National Film Board, whose films are usually vivid and interesting in their depiction of Australian life, has been no more successful in filming the Australian National Theatre Ballet Company's production of *Corroborée*, a ballet by John Antill, than the NFB was with *Shadow on the Prairie*. *Corroborée* (distributed in Canada by the NFB) is an ancient ritual of the aborigines and forms the basis for this ballet, but the dancing lacks character and the music, played by the Sidney Symphony Orchestra, is cacophonous. The drab sets and general lacklustre appearance of the production may be due to the unimaginative choreography and photography.

GERALD PRATLEY.

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7-54

### *An Astrognome Explains the Situation to His Immanence on Palomar*

With manly resignation lift  
Your immemorial eyebrow's arc  
To this gigantic monocle  
Cocked on a mountaintop. Its drift  
Surprises Venus circling stark  
And plucks at Saturn's cincture till  
The stars disclose a comical  
New vertigo. From the sky's sill

Tumbling toward bleak, unheard-of ways  
They bear their unreflected lights  
Precipitating you aside:  
The old coherence of their days,  
The lord and pattern of their nights.  
For whose command will they react  
Or galaxies expanding wide  
Reverse the speed of light, contract

Or reinstate a part of time  
Or progress to positions passed  
Where cruder trigonometry  
Admitted you exist? We climb  
From form to formula; at last,  
Praising you X, proclaim you Y,  
And with the sign infinity

Exile you from your native sky.  
In this diaspora of stars,  
Poor god, beside a telescope  
You stand and see your city captured,  
Your hovering, bright-whirling cars  
Scattered and dim. It is our hope  
That, Omega and Alpha flown,  
All starts and endings, disentraptured,  
Be mathematically shown.

Prince, with your many-chambered mansion  
Laid this and that way, half its price  
Depreciated through expansion,  
Your title, is it quite precise?

Alan Brown

## Correspondence

The Editor: Since I plan the CBC's "Critically Speaking" program, I feel that I ought to comment on Allan Sangster's radio column in your February issue.

Mr. Sangster implies that he was invited to contribute several radio reviews to "Critically Speaking" and that as soon as he wrote a review we did not like, he was denied an opportunity to broadcast it. Actually, he approached us in the first place with a tape recording he had made on his own initiative, and after listening to it, we decided to schedule a review by Mr. Sangster for October 18. I did not say, as he states in his column, that he would be our reviewer "two or three times during the fall, and again on some occasions after Christmas." We had already invited another reviewer to comment on radio programs every second week during October, November and December, while several other fall reviews had also been assigned by this time. What I did tell Mr. Sangster was that if his first review turned out to be a satisfactory broadcast, we might use him two or three times again during the next few months.

We discussed two topics which Mr. Sangster thought might provide interesting material for a second review. One of his suggestions concerned CBC broadcasts of short stories. I suggested that for a program like "Critically Speaking" it might be useful to broaden his subject to include criti-

cism of CBC use of other creative writing like plays and poetry, particularly since one of the short story programs he had in mind, "Bernie Braden Tells a Story", went off the air some years ago. I also made this suggestion because Mr. Sangster had been a frequent contributor to "Bernie Braden Tells a Story," and I felt that it would not be to his advantage if he appeared to be engaged in special pleading. In our experience, reviewers usually refrain from discussing programs in which they have a personal stake.

I have gone into all this in some detail because I want to make it clear that there was a good deal of preliminary discussion about Mr. Sangster's review — discussion in which he took the initiative — and that our arrangements were quite tentative. When Mr. Sangster left my office to begin working on his second review, no date had been set for the review and no formal commitment had even been made to use him again on "Critically Speaking."

Later Mr. Sangster submitted the script which he published in his column last month. I read it; so did the Toronto producer of "Critically Speaking"; and we agreed that it should be rejected. We did not reject it because of the opinions it contained. As all editors do, we tried to decide whether the script would interest the audience for which it was intended, and we decided that it would not, partly because it dealt at excessive length with a program which went off the air several years ago. Since the script had been submitted on speculation, we did not assume that we had any responsibility to broadcast it. Mr. Sangster did not inform either of us that he felt we were censoring opinion.

Mr. Sangster says in his column that this incident "fits in with other evidence that the Talks Department does not want to encourage genuine criticism, especially when the criticism is aimed at that department." I find this comment rather amusing because I help to plan several CBC programs and I have often had to listen to a reviewer on "Critically Speaking" demolish some other broadcast for which I have been responsible. For that matter, reviewers on "Critically Speaking" haven't hesitated to criticize the program itself. I have taken the trouble to look through the radio reviews broadcast during the fall, and I find seven reviews in which there was vigorous criticism of programs planned and produced by the Department of Talks and Public Affairs.

Mr. Sangster also states that "On many occasions it (the Talks Department) has interfered with the content of critics' talks." We certainly exercise the normal editorial function of pointing out factual errors to our reviewers, and we discuss with them questions of style and similar matters. But they have the widest possible freedom to express their own opinions.

Mr. Sangster writes that the Department of Talks and Public Affairs "killed" the series "Bernie Braden Tells a Story." I cannot take space here to describe the various discussions which were held before it was decided to discontinue this series, and in any case, I cannot speak for all the people involved in those discussions. But the fact is that "Bernie Braden Tells a Story" was discontinued for several reasons, and that a number of CBC officials outside this department had a hand in the decision to bring the series to an end. There were certainly people within the CBC who disagreed with this decision. But Mr. Sangster has been seeing dark plots where no plots exist.

Robert Weaver,  
Talks and Public Affairs,  
Canadian Broadcasting Corporation,  
Toronto

[In the next issue Mr. Sangster will have an opportunity, if he so chooses, to express any disagreement with the facts presented in this letter.—Ed.]



## Turning New Leaves

► EARLE BIRNEY'S long-awaited anthology\* has at last appeared. It is restricted specifically to Canadian poetry of this century (omitting our nineteenth century nature poets who died before 1900) and is designed primarily for use in schools and colleges, although it is clear that this aim does not exclude the general reader from the enjoyment and vitality which the poetry communicates. Canadian poetry today is clearly very much alive and kicking; varied in the kinds of subject and treatment; varied in the number of poet-voices who impress us with their individuality. The past ten years have seen a good half-dozen anthologies of our poetry. A new one, therefore, invites criticism and comparison. As one who has tried his hand at anthology-making, and knows some of the hazards and difficulties involved, I have found both excitement and amusement in reading through this new collection.

The rostrum of contemporary poets in Canada has by now become somewhat definitely fixed, thanks to preceding anthologists — Smith, Gustafson, Sutherland — the bad, the premature, and the undeveloping poets have been eliminated by the test of time; so that the field is likely to seem too narrow and restricted to the ambitious anthologist. In the effort to get off the beaten track, Earle Birney has (as the jacket states) presented a "wider selection" and included many new names. The unfortunate result is that one finds here, in what purports to be an "anthology," or collection of the flowers of an existing literature, about thirteen names of "poets" whose names one has never seen before, although one follows closely the books and magazines published in Canada. This sort of thing might constitute a deception upon the unsuspecting reader outside Canada, or even in Canada, who believes that an anthology is introducing him to the best of a living literature. An anthology of this kind is hardly the place to "introduce new writers."

Paradoxically, also, I find names of recognized poets of good standing, and poets of real interest who are now becoming known and deserve attention, entirely excluded from the collection. Among these are such names as Ronald Hambleton, Charles Bruce, Irving Layton (probably writing the best poetry in Canada at the moment, though that is one man's opinion), Phyllis Webb, Elizabeth Brewster, W. W. E. Ross, Tom MacInnes, and Archibald Lampman (excluded because he died early, though Carman is included). Many of the good poets who do manage to get in, do so with a single poem: Gustafson, L. A. MacKay, Anne Marriott, Raymond Souster, Anne Wilkinson; and even Bliss Carman, with ten lines! (the Editor himself, incredibly enough, appears with seven poems of his own, one of which occupies seven pages in itself, another five pages.) Such is the penalty of going too far off the beaten track: Mr. Birney has put together a private collection of "discoveries" and good poems, without much relation to the shape of our contemporary scene in poetry.

The true relation of the collection is to Canada as a country. Here the appeal of the anthology is strong. The poems are divided into subject sections, so that poets may be lost as individuals but poems and their treatment of Canada, or display of a Canadian manner of thinking and feeling, come out clearly. The sections have such titles as "The Canadian Nation," "City and Town," "People," "War and Peace," "Life and Death." (Birney, by the way, manages to find himself in most of the sections—except "Fish, Flesh and Fowl" and "Child and Youth.") The dubious sense of nationhood which we feel in this country is communicated: the love

of land in its physical features; the complexity of the urban life and mind of today. Some of the poems have real "kick"; a few are really bad stuff; the majority show enterprise and energy, even if the imagination is often inert and the style prosaic. One leaves the book with a feeling that the country has poetry working within it, that at least it has a healthy desire to realize itself, to state itself in this art.

But poems are not poets, and it is poets which should be anthologized. Mr. Birney's division of poetry into Canadian subject categories displays a naive nationalistic approach which is surprising in so good a poet and critic. The result is what might be called a touristic anthology, like Robins' *Pocketful of Canada*. Our anthologists should take our literature more seriously than to dress it in this fashion in condescension to a popular audience or the would-be needs of the classroom.

The textbook objective, for example, weakens the book as a serious review of our contemporary poetry. The notes, in particular, at times descend to teasing techniques which are amusing, but damaging to criticism: "Do you find anything symbolic in the description of the clothes on the line?" Or in connection with F. R. Scott's "Examiner": "What positive suggestions is the poet making in regard to education?" This condescending to the pupil has also influenced Birney's choice of poems and his arrangement: one might think at times that Canadian poets are old-maidish goodies who say all the sweet, decent, hopeful, approved things that good children and schoolmarm love to hear. Fortunately the complexity of almost all our good poetry, and the internal conflicts which are inevitably there, make Birney's task of watering-down difficult. The simplicity is deceptive: for example, poems classified under "Fish, Flesh and Fowl" are for the most part about no such thing. When P. K. Page, or any good poet writes about a fish, the Editor had better look out. The poem may really be about "Life and Death."

Whatever criticisms must be made, however, Birney's collection is a vital one, full of crisp poems about the reality of modern life, done in poetic styles which belong to our own time, reflecting the spirit, the problems, the shared enthusiasms of this country and this century. And despite the criticism just made, it is well that it is not a Waste Land anthology: Birney has managed to tone down the most strident chords, the harsh realities; most people will like that. His book should find a place on everybody's shelf of Canadian literature, beside the books of individual poets, of course, who must supplement it and supply its defects.

LOUIS DUDEK

## Books Reviewed

CANADA AND THE FAR EAST, 1940-53: H. F. Angus; University of Toronto Press (Issued under the auspices of The Canadian Institute of International Affairs and the Institute of Pacific Relations); pp. x, 129; \$3.00

Basic decisions on international politics are no longer made exclusively in Western Europe: Washington and Moscow have become the diplomatic capitals of the world. The shift has been accompanied by the emergence of Asia as a continent of crucial importance. There is little doubt that Asians, and particularly the nationals of the states of Southern and South Eastern Asia, will play an increasingly vital role in world affairs. Professor Angus' book, tracing Canada's relations during the last thirteen years with the newly important and oft neglected subcontinent, is therefore a welcome and timely addition to our growing literature on foreign affairs. This small study brings up to date the story told by A. R. M. Lower in *Canada and the Far East*, 1940. Written in a clear, lively style, it is devoid of the pedantry and jargon which mars so much of modern academic writing.

\*TWENTIETH CENTURY CANADIAN POETRY; Edited by Earle Birney; Ryerson; pp. 169; \$4.00.

The major portions of the book are devoted to a factual discussion of our policies in Southern and Eastern Asia with a sound emphasis on both politics and economics. Since Canada has chosen to participate in world affairs largely within the framework of the Commonwealth, the United Nations and its agencies, and regional arrangements such as NATO and the Colombo Plan, these are all discussed, briefly but lucidly, in so far as they are relevant to Dr. Angus' topic. This cannot be accomplished successfully without reference to Canadian nationalism, Canadian public opinion on Asia, the treatment in Canada, past and present, of the major Asian ethnic groups, the immigration of Asians to Canada, and cultural intercourse between ourselves and the Asian countries.

*Canada and the Far East* 1940-53 is an accurate, informative, readable and often thought-provoking book. Most of its weaknesses are, in my opinion, the by-products of some of its virtues. The frequent use of official documents and releases of the Department of External Affairs, particularly that excellent monthly, *External Affairs*, gives his account a desirable authenticity, but at the same time prevents the author from telling us the whole story. There is reason to believe, for example, that the "behind-the-scenes" work done by Mr. Pearson at the United Nations has had considerable influence on the relations prevailing between the Western and Asian states. Again, the personal regard of Mr. Nehru for Mr. Pearson has also been important to Canadian-Indian rapport and may become even more important in the future. The addition of the informal dimension to international politics would have made for a more complete picture. It would have forced Mr. Angus however, to present personal opinions which cannot readily be substantiated, and it would have lengthened the book.

Dr. Angus' obvious concern with brevity also accounts for two other minor flaws of the book: occasionally he condenses his material so thoroughly that the general reader may not fully grasp the implications, and the treatment of the Indo-Chinese problem appears to me to be too cursory. His excellent discussion of some of the more vital aspects of colonialism might have been used to indicate a desirable Canadian policy towards the acute problem of the nationalist movements within the French Union.

The critical comments made above do not detract seriously from the real worth of Dr. Angus' study. They may perhaps be no more than an indication of a difference of interests between the author and his reviewer. *Canada and the Far East* 1940-53 is an excellent book.

John Meisel

THE REBIRTH OF AUSTRIA: Richard Hiscocks; Oxford; pp. 263; \$3.75.

Following the break up of the Austro-Hungarian empire in 1918-19 the seven million Austrians were left with a huge capital, officials enough to administer an empire, and a relatively poor countryside outside of Vienna. A Socialist government took over and embarked on ambitious plans which resulted in improvement for the poorer people of Vienna and increasing tension between city and country. This finally led to internal revolution and the formation of a Catholic reactionary regime which in turn gave way in 1938 to the totalitarian regime of Hitler.

Here was a nation of enlightened Europeans who within a mere generation had experienced the extremes of political idealism imposed on them one after the other. How would they react when in 1945 they were suddenly offered the prospect of autonomy and the inherent right to influence or decide their own political future?

The author attempts in 250 pages to detail various steps until the present stalemate in which a friendly nation is

still occupied by four armies, three of which would like to get home in a hurry.

The series of catastrophes had one good result: it was responsible for internal unity so that the aged statesman (Dr. Karl Renner) who emerged as leader of Austria was able to form a strong government representing all parties, and encouraged both left and right wing elements of the population to work for their own salvation. Essential internal services were re-established and external contacts restored as far as the Allied Council would allow. As late as 1949 the Austrian government was willing to make sweeping concessions to Russia if only they could obtain autonomy by means of a peace treaty.

But the free election of 1950 showed that communist sentiment was waning and the Russians intensified economic exploitation and obstructive measures politically. An attempt in the fall of 1950 by the communist minority to engineer a general strike failed and from that time Austria swung away from the Soviet orbit. At the same time hopes of an early peace treaty faded into the distant future.

At the present time Austria is definitely oriented towards the West. In the words of Dr. Renner echoed by the socialist Dr. Koref in 1952: "The Austrian people are predestined to take part in international understanding because they have within them the heritage of a small version of the United Nations."

Norman Fould.



THERESE MAY (Ottawa Drama League)—FRAN JONES

AMERICAN SCHOLARSHIP IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: edited by Merle Curti; Reginald Saunders; pp. vii, 252; \$5.85.

In each of these essays by various American scholars on recent developments in their respective subjects, the basic story is roughly the same: *thesis*, humanism (English style); *antithesis*, positivism (German style); and *synthesis*, still mostly hope and confusion (possibly American style). To judge from the obvious satisfaction expressed by the late Louis Wirth in the triumph of "scientific rigor" and "objectivity" over "armchair meditation," the social sciences have got stuck at the second stage. W. Stull Holt, writing on historical scholarship, is not sucked in so easily, but he offers no very clear and coherent alternative to the fact-finders. According to Walter R. Agard, the chief American contribution to classical scholarship has been in archaeology, and although Mr. Agard fails to notice that the archaeologist with his spade is a concise symbol of what has long been digging a grave for scholarship in general and the classics in particular, he does notice a falling-off in the enrolment. His cure is to promote a classical education as training in "responsible citizenship." A really new alternative to positivism in fact has apparently been developed only in literary scholarship (mostly English), whose future René Wellek, though he fails to grasp the value of the archetypal approach, commits almost unreservedly to the New Criticism. The book ends with an essay on philosophical scholarship (really philosophy) by Arthur E. Murphy, who puts into relation and perspective the hidden assumptions which most of the other writers have merely been stumbling over.

As for the writing, the late Mr. Wirth's essay is the most extreme case of a strong tendency throughout most of the book to repetition, imprecision, cliché, periphrasis, unidiomatic expression, dullness, and bad grammar. From these flaws, however, Messrs Wellek and Murphy are free. Mr. Murphy's essay in particular would be a tight, witty, persuasive, and lucid piece of exposition in any company. Each essay is heavily documented, and the book has an index.

Duncan Robertson.

IN THE WORKSHOP OF THE REVOLUTION: I. N. Steinberg; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 306; \$4.50.

This is an absorbing book. The author was Soviet Commissar of Justice from December 10, 1917 to March 4, 1918, in the Bolsheviks' first and only coalition cabinet. He knew personally Lenin, Trotsky, Dzerzhinsky and Stalin, and was with them in their time of troubles.

A revolution is a love-storm, he writes, provided it is kept within moral bounds—guarded by humanism, maximalism and by the universality of its own aspirations. The revolutions of February and October, 1917, were just such love-storms. But with terrorism, Jacobinism and Caesarism, the Bolsheviks betrayed the revolution. What began as humanity changed, through power, violence and cruelty, to inhumanity.

In his book the author covers the period from the outbreak of the February Revolution in 1917 to the bloody suppression by the Bolsheviks of the Kronstadt Rebellion in March, 1921. The drama is of epic proportions—every minute historic. But for a Russian, however, his revolution was spiritual and intellectual, not just historical and social. Steinberg, a prominent leader of the Left Social Revolutionary party, evolved his philosophy from that of Alexander Herzen, representative of the populist "narodniki" stream of Russian thought. To the populist the liberated human personality was important—particularly that of the backward, ignorant and suppressed peasantry. The radical economic changes of socialism were purely a means to a moral end

—the inner dignity and freedom of the individual. The populist sought "not the worker in the man, but the man in the worker". The Social Revolutionary movement found its greatest support from the "working peasants" but also represented many of the urban proletariat and the intelligentsia. "Zemlya i Volya" ("Land and Freedom") was their rallying cry. It was to be the tragedy of the revolution that this was not the rallying cry of all Russia.

Dr. Steinberg writes with the greatest sensitivity, without bitterness, without reproach, with complete understanding. Every student of Russia and revolution will want this book and treasure it always.

David Price.

ENGLISH ART 1100-1216: T. S. R. Boase; The Oxford History of English Art, Volume 3; Oxford; pp. 331, plates; \$7.50.

In his capacity as editor of the series Mr. Boase must have chosen deliberately this unusual section as it corresponds neither to the traditional English nor to continental divisions of the history of art; and the period does not possess the tidiness of birth, growth, maturity and decay. It is rather the report of a crisis, the study of the conflict between tradition shaped in the late ninth century and new concepts which have their full expression only at the beginning of the thirteenth.

Most sensibly, Mr. Boase pursues his theme on both sides of the Channel and, unlike Miss Joan Evans, a previous contributor to the series, does not stop his studies at the modern boundaries of England within the British Isles. He clearly shows the unity of Normandy and England down to 1130, and after that the divergence to nearly parallel paths of the two without loss of contact but with increasing independence of interests on the continent in architecture and its adornment, in England in the illustrated book.

The history is built around nodes of artistic activity not too insistently explained by the enterprise of bishop or abbot—first the building, then its decorations and furnishings. Architecture is rather slighted, perhaps through lack of speculative interest in architecture as an art; sculpture is given an expanded treatment in spite of its scarcity to prove that the English side of the Channel was more productive than the Norman; and fresco and glass painting receive ample notices. But it is in manuscript illumination that the English excelled, and Mr. Boase makes it abundantly clear. Newly discovered illuminations, new combinations of manuscripts into schools, new evaluations of stylistic developments: the material is a monograph itself within a general survey.

It may be the weight of this material throws out of balance the form of the book as continuous reading; and it is certainly true that the photographs (particularly of architecture) were sacrificed to the needs of manuscript illustration, and illumination itself so compressed that often only initials removed from the context of the page serve inadequately to convey the whole quality of the decorated folio.

The ample references of the index convert the survey into an encyclopedia, though in the reading the weight of numbers of monuments is not apparent. Between a special plea and an indiscriminate catalogue is a narrow course: Mr. Boase has safely run it.

Stephen Vickers

HERMAN MELVILLE: CYCLE AND EPICYCLE. Eleanor Melville Metcalf. S. J. Reginald Saunders, (Harvard University Press); pp. 309; \$7.15.

Thirty-three years ago the work of Herman Melville was known to only a few American and British readers, and even these individuals knew little about the man who had written most of his major works in the mid-19th century. But in these last thirty-three years the man and his books have risen like phoenixes. Now he looms largest among the 19th century American writers, and, to some, his master-



piece *Moby Dick* is the greatest English prose masterpiece of the 19th century. The rediscovery of his books led to the rediscovery of the man. The first three biographies—in the 1920's—established a myth about Melville. The free-hand nature of these first studies led in the thirties to intensive scholarly research; consequently the cluster of biographies published since the War have based their interpretations of Melville on much more and sounder information about his life.

This rapid reconstruction of Melville's biography has been aided incalculably by his granddaughter, Mrs. Eleanor Melville Metcalf. Many of her grandfather's letters, manuscripts, journals, and books were passed on to her. She has made them available to scholars freely and graciously these past thirty-odd years; she also has made available much information gathered from her own memories and from family sources. From associating with Melville scholars Mrs. Metcalf herself became a Melville scholar. It is most fitting that now she has been the one to collect, edit, and publish this volume of Melville and Melville family letters.

Mrs. Metcalf presents, roughly in chronological order, the bulk of the known letters by, to and about Melville, strung together on a thread of her own understanding commentary. She not only includes the letters she has inherited, but also those in the collections of correspondence of other branches of the family, now preserved in New York, Boston, and various university libraries, and in private collections. Thus her book orders between two covers the most important sources of our information about Melville, apart from his own books. Here, for instance, are the flaming Melville letters to Hawthorne, written while he was in the iron grip of writing *Moby Dick*; here are Mrs. Hawthorne's letters about Melville (including one hitherto unprinted); here are all the "Agatha" letters; or here are Everet Duyckinck's letters to his wife, written while visiting the Melvilles in the Berkshires, which show the robust companion his friends found in Melville even while he was writing *Moby Dick*.

Taken altogether, these letters from Melville, his wife, and his numerous relatives and friends, show the tragedy of a profound spirit produced by and yet caught in a large, tight, orthodox family in a rapidly changing America. They reveal that much of the struggle of Melville's protagonists was a projection of his own life.

Many Melville readers have been hoping for some years for a carefully edited, comprehensive edition of his letters. Mrs. Metcalf has rewarded their waiting. She also has included a fine reproduction of the Eaton portrait, and a generous gallery of family photographs.

*Gordon Roper*

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 1853-1953: edited by Claude T. Bissell; University of Toronto Press; pp. 137; \$2.50.

In recent years the University of Toronto Press has been publishing books which are first rate for format, good printing, and authority of writing. When it comes to celebrating a hundred years of University College it has done it again in this collection of essays written by seven graduates and staff members and one undergraduate, and decorated with excellent black and white drawings by Selwyn Dewdney.

W. Stewart Wallace tells how the College was brought into existence in 1853 as the instructional part of the University of Toronto. He tells of staff changes, of famous bon mots, of the great fire and the rebuilding, the controversial admission of women in 1884, building changes, not omitting the yarn about the cow that got up into the tower and down again.

Of the remaining essays the most interesting to me were by G. Stephen Vickers, A. S. P. Woodhouse, and Claude T. Bissell. Professor Vickers contributes a most entertaining analysis of the Victorian eclecticism of the building. "In an effort to spend a handsome endowment before the church colleges could make good their claims to a share, there was erected . . . an edifice of unusual sumptuousness; and as it turned out, of an unusual style as well." It was built in 1856: the Governor wanted Siennese Gothic or Byzantine; the Vice-Chancellor and the architect put together on paper a building with Norman and early English details while he was away. The Governor wanted the facade approached by a winding path over the Taddle but the Vice-Chancellor and the architect thought that wasn't grandiose enough and "quietly turned it round again." After the fire of 1890 some of it was restored and rebuilt in the Romanesque style then coming into fashion in Toronto and other parts of America.

A. S. P. Woodhouse carries on the story from 1890 with anecdotes, tells how Honour Classics became a Canadian adaptation of Oxford Greats and set a model for other Honour courses in the Humanities. He analyzes the thought of men like Hutton, Cochrane, Owen, Alexander, to name only a few in the number of distinguished writers and teachers.

Claude T. Bissell recalls the journals of opinion such as *The Varsity*, *The Undergrad* and *The Rebel* from which grew *The Canadian Forum*.  
*Helen Frye.*

UNCONVENTIONAL VOYAGES: Arthur R. M. Lower; Ryerson; pp. 156; \$3.50.

This pleasant, unpretentious book records eighteen of Mr. Lower's encounters with forest and sea at various periods in his life between the ages of eleven and sixty. He has had childhood adventures on Lake Simcoe, he has gone by steamer across Lake Nipigon, he has travelled by canoe down to the Sea of the North and explored the Hudson's Bay region. He has crossed the ocean by freighter to Hamburg, served in the Royal Navy during World War One, travelled down the Great Lakes on a grain freighter, and sailed a cutter from Pender Harbor to Vancouver. Together the chapters provide a kind of autobiography of the "primitive" interludes in a scholar's life.

The style is unliterary, informal, chatty. Parts of the book read as if they were taken with little change from a journal or diary. The author does not glamorize the persons, places, and experiences of his past; he is content to record with zest and affection. Occasionally there is a strident note of nationalism, as where he guarantees that a transcontinental journey will be a "supreme" experience in our lives and make us into real Canadians. (Let's leave that sort of thing to the CBC's John Fisher.) This, however, is more than balanced by astringent comment:

"There is no more provincial soul than the inhabitant of Southern Ontario, especially of that central region whose numerous small towns gear tightly into the largest member of their class, Toronto . . ."

The best thing in the book is the half dozen chapters about the impact of the Far North upon him in his twenties. Here Mr. Lower has got hold of the real thing; what gripped him in 1914 still grips the young Canadian of 1954. He is quite right to suggest that it is the prospect through our northern window that makes our culture distinctively Canadian.

*Carlyle King*

THE LANGUAGE OF CRITICISM: R. S. Crane; University of Toronto Press; pp. 214; \$5.50.

The general reader who has heard something of a Chicago School of pugnacious Aristotelians may expect Dr. R. S. Crane in his Alexander Lectures for 1952 to carry on a running gunfight with rival gangs of critics. Such is not the

case. Instead, the lectures set out to treat of the field of literary criticism pluralistically, as one in which several languages may profitably be employed—notably those of the various schools of New Criticism and that first used by Aristotle in the *Poetics*.

Dr. Crane holds that Aristotle's language has the advantage of being detachable from any general philosophy and of taking its start from concrete particulars, from the unified wholes which common sense and critical analysis alike can recognize as imitative works of literature. In contrast, the languages of the New Critics force them to take the whole realm of communication as their field and to deflect their critical attention away from the structures we call tragedies, epics, or lyrics toward general and abstract patterns such as order and disorder, form and substance, good and evil, and the like; either that or to explain all things by their pre-conscious and pre-historical origins, so that finished works of art are reduced to primitive myth—by the aid of modern theories of psychology and anthropology. Advances are thus more likely to be made through Aristotelian or "formal" criticism, which is constructive and differentiating rather than generalizing and reductive.

Dr. Crane is all decency and politeness, and he refrains from quoting the more ludicrous aberrations of the New Critics. The question does however arise: if Dr. Crane is as pluralistic as he believes himself to be, what field does he assign to the New Critics as proper to them and autonomous? In spite of his repeated allowances for other languages of criticism, it is difficult to see how a non-Aristotelian could get a word in edgewise. I suspect that the original "shaping form" of these lectures was pluralistic but that the inescapable element of controversy threw it off kilter.

This is an important book, and the selection committee for the Alexander Lectures showed its wisdom in securing Dr. Crane at the height of his fame and influence, and of his powers.

William Blissett

**CONSCIENCE AND THE KING:** Bertram Joseph; Clarke, Irwin (Chatto & Windus); pp. 176; \$2.65.

This is one of the few sensible studies of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. Mr. Joseph believes that Shakespeare ought to be interpreted in relation to the ideas and beliefs of his age, and he sets out to examine what *Hamlet* meant to an Elizabethan audience. That makes a real difference in our understanding of the play and its people. For example, *Hamlet* (to an Elizabethan audience) was not finding an excuse for evading his plain duty when he refrained from killing Claudius at prayer, because Elizabethans were constantly exhorted at church to remember, and they firmly believed, that a man would be judged after death in the state in which he died. To understand, too, what meaning Elizabethans attached to words like "adultery," "melancholy," and "conscience" is to save ourselves from the error of attributing twentieth century motivations to sixteenth century characters.

*Hamlet*, to an Elizabethan audience, was not a vacillating person who went around moaning about the possible advantages of suicide. He was a strong formidable character who in difficult circumstances had to carry out a dangerous task that required cunning and finesse. He had to unmask the king, who was both wicked and hypocritically plausible, as well as to kill him; before he killed him he had to make sure that the Ghost was not an evil spirit luring him to his damnation. So there is conflict in *Hamlet* between the dictates of honor and the scruples of conscience. "Hamlet is not restrained by any consideration of abstract justice; nor by doubts of the principle of revenge, nor by detestation of the deed: he is terrified by his conscience into waiting until the Ghost's claims and assertions have been proved true."

Carlyle King

**THE ARTIFICIAL BASTARD: A Biography of Richard Savage** by Clarence Tracy; University of Toronto Press; pp. 164; \$4.50.

Richard Savage, a colorful poet of the Augustan Age and friend of both Pope and Johnson, claimed to be the son of the then Lady Macclesfield and Lord Rivers, an eighteenth century rake. When Lady Macclesfield was divorced by her husband for adultery, Parliament declared illegitimate any children born to her during her unfortunate marriage. Hence the title of this book. Contrary to the contentions of many previous writers, the author feels that the weight of evidence is on the side of the poet.

Professor Tracy follows the fortunes of the poet from 1715 when as a very young man he was arrested for writing verses of a treasonable nature, i.e., favorable to the Jacobite cause, through the years when he clamored for recognition and succeeded in finding a patron, to his final fall from grace and miserable death in prison.

Private patronage as practised in the eighteenth century was an unstable source of income for a man of Savage's temperament. To exist, the poet without other means had to make himself agreeable to people both rich and powerful. This Savage did from time to time, but his lack of diplomacy and probably his ungrateful and overbearing attitude eventually resulted in the loss of his subsidies. Nevertheless, he was a dashing figure and a fine conversationalist and he won friends among the other poets of his time. Indeed, they frequently contributed to his income, which leads to an interesting point—the distinction in the mind of the poet between what he could and could not accept. He accepted loans (never repaid), board and lodging, and subscriptions of money as his due, profligately spending money as soon as he received it. Yet he spurned as charity the gesture friends made to him when they sent around a tailor to measure him for a suit of clothes.

Professor Tracy, a scholar from the University of Saskatchewan, has given us a factual biography. It is unfortunate that so few reliable facts about Richard Savage survive. The author invariably sifts all the conflicting evidence to the point where scholarly virtue seriously impedes the dramatic progress of the life. The author also occasionally pops into the book in the first person singular, immediately transferring the reader from the early eighteenth century to the dim depths of a library in the twentieth century. If a writer could combine the grace and wit, which were characteristic of Savage's time, with the honest workmanship of Professor Tracy, then we should have a truly outstanding biography.

A. MacP.

**EXPLORATIONS: Studies in Culture and Communications,** Vol. 1, No. 1; edited by E. S. Carpenter; University of Toronto; pp. 122; \$1.00.

This new publication is designed, as its editors tell us, to "cut across the humanities and the social sciences by treating them as a continuum." So far as this is an effort to break through narrow specialization, it can only be welcomed; but the editors do not seem at all clear as to how this may be accomplished. It is, unfortunately, far from enough to print a group of disparate articles side by side.

Several of the contributions to this first issue ("Communications by Means of Gongs," by John F. Carrington; "Stress" by Hans Selye; "A Typology of Functional Analysis," by Melford Spiro) can only be understood by specialists in their respective disciplines. They have no conceivable interest for a general reader. If the social sciences and the humanities are a continuum, then they must have some common mode of communication; and the attention of the editors of *Explorations* might well be directed to this pressing problem.

Another group of articles, as if to balance the excessive scientism of the ones just mentioned, are characterized by a flagrant lack of elementary scientific caution. G. Legman's article on comic books is a hysterical outburst whose point I find it impossible to fathom. Mr. Legman has a deep resentment against what he calls "civilization"; he favors a "natural human life," though he admits that no one has yet discovered what this is; and he gloomily predicts the complete collapse of our moribund civilization and its infamous by-products: comic books.

H. M. McLuhan, on the other hand, finds the growing illiteracy of modern man a sign of great social progress, since "with writing . . . comes logical analysis and specialism, but also militarism and bureaucracy. And with writing comes the break in that direct, intuitive relationship between men and their surroundings which modern art has begun to discover." And he concludes with the plea that "technological man . . . betake himself to visual metaphor (pictograms) in contriving a new unified language for the multiverse of cultures of the entire globe." This idea sounds so fascinating that an impatient reader's only regret is that Mr. McLuhan did not cast his own thoughts in this wonderful new medium.

A third group of articles, on such various subjects as Thorstein Veblen, Greek mythology, folk-customs in Majorca and nursery rhymes, deal more or less interestingly and understandably with their subjects. From the evidence of this first issue, it can hardly be said that *Explorations* has found either itself or its policy; but it would be highly regrettable if it should fail to do so in the future.

Joseph Frank

THE WILD PLACE: Kathryn Hulme; McClelland and Stewart (Little, Brown); pp. 275; \$4.25.

Kathryn Hulme is an American woman who worked as an UNRRA officer in the displaced persons camps in Europe from 1945 to 1951. "The Wild Place" is Wildflecken, a place of wild beauty deep in the Bavarian forests, which Hitler had used as a training camp for his elite SS troops, and which at the end of the war was turned into an UNRRA camp for displaced Poles. It was to this camp that Kathryn Hulme was sent as deputy director in July, 1945. Her book is the story of the refugees she came to know and love during the next five years.

There have been so many books written about the aftermath of war that you are apt to approach another one with a certain feeling of reluctance. But that feeling will vanish as soon as you have read half a dozen pages of Miss Hulme's fascinating and moving story. She writes vividly and with deep compassion mingled with humor and understanding, and she brings to life such a rich variety of human beings that you will find yourself quite unable to put the book down. Her greatest achievement is the way she turns the nameless masses of DP's into individuals, each with his own hopes and fears, his abilities and problems, so that at last you begin to grasp something of what it really meant to be a DP.

Miss Hulme feels strongly about the plight of her charges, and she makes us share her sharp anger at the officials who treated them as so many units to be disposed of in bulk. She also makes us realize the magnitude of the task the UNRRA officers had to face when cattle cars carrying thousands of new DP's were being unloaded into camps that were already crowded to capacity. We get some idea of the elasticity of the human spirit as we see these undernourished and despairing people taking root in the camps and developing a colorful community life there. We realize all over again the heartbreaks and the tragedies that were daily enacted as UNRRA tried to persuade the immigration departments of the free nations to open their gates to the refugees who dared not return to their homes. We learn what each clause of the im-

migration regulations meant in human terms, and what a strain the endless red tape placed on nerves already overstrained by twelve years of Nazism and six years of war. But despite the exasperations and the heartbreaks, *The Wild Place* is not a depressing story. It will bring you to the brink of tears many times, but it will leave you with a sense of the indestructible power of the human spirit. *Edith Fowke*

HEY MA! I DID IT: Margaret Aitken, M.P. and Byrne Hope Sanders, C.B.E.; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 213; \$2.50.

This story of the long-drawn out battle for York-Humber which Miss Aitken closely won for the PCs after last-minute fears, challenges, and recounts, is an immensely readable book. The account of her first incursions into politics, the honesty, warmth, and hard work, bring through to the reader an admirable person with what seem to be the qualities of a good representative. The moments of brashness, the more embarrassing extracts from her daily column, and the book's title cannot prevent one admiring the spirit and talent and sensitiveness she carried into the fight.

But for anyone who sees the grand debate of a general election as a time for the chill winds of disagreement or for hot arguments on real issues of principle, this will read as a tepid tale. There is not a story of political argument in the whole long campaign: last minute chicanery but no more. Issues of political principle are bound to be obscured in the rising dust of an electoral campaign, but they must be there—and in this book there is no mention of them. Some crude philosophy, thought-out, imagined or inherited, is what many a voter clings to, come hell and high water. It is something of a shock to find that good Liberal friends of Miss Aitken were prepared to throw over their affiliations for the time being in order to work for her and were then ready, if the venture failed, to return to the role of the acquiescent Liberal voter next time.

Miss Aitken and her collaborator saw early on in the campaign that she would float to Ottawa on tea—gallons of it, decorously served, the chink of china much louder than the din of political battle. From this experience she learnt the earliest of her political maxims: pass but don't pour. There is a sad symbolism in that. If the lubricant of a campaign is to come from the cup that cheers but not inebriates, then Miss Aitken learnt a good rule. But is a mature democracy not ready for more argument and deeper stimulation—a headier brew? *Gordon Hawkins*

THE HILL OF DEVI: E. M. Forster; Macmillan; pp. 175; \$3.00.

*A Passage to India* is surely one of the great novels of this century, and it is an unusual thing to have an account of the sources of such a novel from the hands of the author. Yet, in a certain way, *The Hill of Devi* is that account. Since it was the subjective realities of the Indian situation which were expanded into the real theme of the novel, however, this is only so in an indirect sense. In 1912-13 E. M. Forster visited the Indian state of Dewas Senior, in Central India, where he became a friend of the Maharajah. In 1921 he returned to take up the temporarily vacant position of private secretary to His Highness.

This book consists of letters written to England upon his first, an extended visit; a brief section explaining the constitution of this strange little state and the history of its ruler; the main section, being chiefly his own letters to England during his time of service, with explanatory passages which, more than the letters, reveal the writer we know in the novels. In the words of E. K. Brown, we recognize him whose power lies in "the secret understanding of the heart" and in "contemplative insight."



On the surface, *The Hill of Devi* describes the outward events, the costumes, the customs, the people of that time and place, "the fag end of a vanished civilization," with which, for that interval, Forster identified himself.

He shows in his letters his ability to observe *things* coolly; as for instance the frustrating muddle of mismanagement which resulted in an elaborate waterworks without a source ("the thing to do is to have an expert—") and the futile though often amusing complications of family and court life. Forster does not limit himself by being "objective" however, for he was the last person on earth to regard people as if they were "things." He was able to meet these Hindus on their own terms, an impossible feat for most of his fellow countrymen, as these letters make apparent.

Although his intellectual approach may be cool, his sympathies are deep and real, and because of this he had the key to those aspects of the Hindu character which are so fascinatingly brought to life in the person of "Assiz" in *A Passage To India*, a character based largely on that of the Maharajah. The scenery from the "New Palace" where he lived, was dominated by the Hill of Devi, and it was here that stone steps led up to the dark cave of Chamunda, a goddess of unknown origin. This is of course the clue to the "Marabar Caves" of the novel, which play such an important part in the plot as the focus of the tense relationships between the two races. Thus the incidental geography of these letters becomes a map to read the novel by.

This may not be an important part of Forster's work in itself, but anything he writes is interesting and his deceptive simplicity is full of subtlety. The difference between the bare report of the various incidents of this sojourn, and the way in which such incidents and themes are expanded and related into the great design of the novel, give *The Hill of Devi* its real significance.

Hilda Kirkwood

**SHORT STORIES FOR STUDY:** chosen and appraised by Kenneth Payson Kempton; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 351; \$6.15.

This book differs from the usual anthology of the short story in that it is intended for writers. The emphasis is on the discussion of problems and techniques for which the stories serve as illustration. Kenneth Payson Kempton, who teaches short-story writing at Harvard, sees in the short stories of our century two opposing tendencies, toward the formula treatment on the one hand, and the over-intellectual on the other. Within the past thirty years the short story as an art form has been much concerned with individual and social decadence, with symbol and subtlety. "It is time for a reappraisal of the short story in terms of its main objectives, for a renaissance of faith in it as representation of characteristic, rather than marginal life; as objectified interpretation of human experience, for, chiefly, the enlightenment and entertainment of non-professional readers."

This volume is addressed to the writer who, without lowering his standards, wishes his work to be read by the best readers, and by as wide a circle as possible. Using the same pattern as in a previous book, *The Short Story*, Mr. Kempton discusses in each chapter one of the problems facing the writer. He then presents a story, and follows it with a critical analysis. Included is a Horrible Example, as well as stories by writers as varied as Jessamine West, Dorothy Livesay, Robert Benchley, and Aldous Huxley.

Such a book as this should be of interest to teachers, students, and all intelligent readers of the short story. The basic idea is a good one, the approach unusual and interesting. Mr. Kempton has much valuable comment on the principles underlying technique. The reader may feel that his enthusiasm for Benchley sometimes makes too much of too little, but all his contentions are ably supported. Unfortunately Mr. Kempton's ideas are frequently obscured by a prose

style untidy and distorted to the point of incoherence. A sentence running for twenty-two lines, the use of jargon, the breathless parenthesis—all these make for confused exposition.

M.A.C.

**ANEURIN BEVAN:** Vincent Brome; Longmans, Green; pp. 244; \$3.00.

It is a moot point whether the biography should be written of anyone still living, in this case of someone whose life's fulfilment still seems to lie ahead. The definitive biography of Bevan which (some hope) will some day have to be done, should not, however, preclude the reading of this one. Mr. Brome has done a fine job in presenting Bevan to people who one way or another have distorted views of him.

This is rather more of a biographical sketch done in broad outline than a detailed chronological account. Bevan's earlier years, especially his career in the miner's union and in local politics, are scarcely touched. The main emphasis is on his parliamentary career: in the Opposition, on the government benches, and as a Minister of the Crown. His feud with Churchill is described in some detail and the motives behind it explored. Bevan the Labor Party rebel and leader of rebels is also dealt with in detail and the book of necessity ends without this part of Bevan's life completed. Mr. Brome, is also, of course, concerned with portraying Bevan's character and does it well. There is a good chapter on Jennie Lee, Bevan's wife.

Mr. Brome is hardly a hero worshipper. He has tried to separate fact from legend and has not failed to note some of Bevan's less than heroic proportions. Thus: "he did not appear to like it very much if he got as good as he gave," and Mr. Brome records almost with a sense of satisfaction Mr. Churchill's comment that Bevan was a squalid nuisance. But he agrees nevertheless with Woodrow Wyatt that "at heart he is profoundly democratic . . . he may be dictatorial at times in his manner, but never in his policy or in his beliefs."

The book is written in that cool, dispassionate style, not without its humor, that is so much a part of British writing, and so notably lacking in the American equivalent. Its value as a reference work is enhanced by an index. There is also an Appendix summarizing Bevan's recent *In Place of Fear*. Incidentally it might be worth knowing more about Rodo, the philosopher to whom Bevan is indebted for much of his own philosophy. How about it, Mr. Editor?

A. Andras

**NO NAME IN THE STREET:** Kay Cicellis; Nelson, Foster & Scott (Grove Press); pp. 245; \$3.50.

**THE EASY WAY:** Kay Cicellis; Nelson, Foster & Scott (Grove Press); pp. 237; \$3.00.

*No Name in the Street* is the story of a young man named Gregory who is about to go off to a dull job as assistant accountant in his uncle's factory in a dull town in North Germany. Peculiarly enough, he is intrigued at the thought of the gray monotony such an existence offers. However he postpones the trip for months because he is introduced into a group or clique of rather strange young people and is fascinated by them. This group, forever meeting in cafes, wandering about the town, going off on picnics, restlessly milling about themselves, accept Gregory who tries for a while to become their leader. Eventually, having recognized that Maya, the one he loves, has destroyed his personal myth, has torn away his image of himself, he leaves her sobbing in the tower and goes off to Germany.

Miss Cicellis, who is Greek, was brought up in Marseilles with French as her native tongue, but no reservations regarding her English need be made. That she can write artistically and vividly ("She rinsed her hands slowly, pulling them out of the water as out of long, very difficult gloves") cannot be denied. But her minute delvings into actions and reactions in the relationships between these people is so very personal-

ized as to be meaningless. One wonders if Miss Cicellis may not be taking a literary revenge on just such an actual group by writing of them so surely, unlovingly.

Before she can take the place in literature which V. Sackville West, in the preface to her short stories gives her, she will have to become a little more generalized and therefore more meaningful to more people.

*The Easy Way* is a collection of ten short stories. Again, these stories are very personal, almost esoteric. The central characters in each (usually "the man," "the girl"—nameless he's and she's whose anonymity becomes an annoyance) indulge at an alarming rate in a restless round of emotions: fear, panic, anger, exultation, peace, happiness, fear, panic . . . which we feel continues to roll on and on beyond the story's finish. There is an overwhelming preoccupation of the characters with themselves, and every action, look or word of one character has such a devastating response of emotions in the other, that one feels these disproportionate reactions verge on abnormality.

The author provides a luxuriance of detail descriptive not of actuality but of the mental image—"The words clambered over the door like golden flies, and hit it." Miss Cicellis's words swim over her meaning like angry hornets and hide it.

S. Lambert

#### CANADIAN CALENDAR

series of articles in the *Herald* surveying the artistic resources of the community.

On January 19 John H. Blackmore (SC, Lethbridge) gave the Commons notice of a resolution calling on the Government to set up a Parliamentary committee, similar to those flourishing in Washington, to investigate Communist activities. On February 10 Mr. Blackmore announced that he would seek to have created a Royal Commission to inquire into communism in Canada. He said he had detected communist influences at work in some Canadian daily newspapers and in some CBC radio programs. He also maintained that the burning of an effigy of Senator McCarthy by University of Toronto students indicated that "the professors have been indoctrinating the boys and girls in falsehoods."

A picture of disaster in the textile industry affecting the employment of thousands of workers has been placed before Prime Minister St. Laurent by the Textile Workers Union of America.

H. Hume Wrong, Canada's second highest foreign affairs officer and a former ambassador to Washington, died in Ottawa on January 29 at the age of 59.

John B. C. Watkins, at present Canadian Minister to Norway and Iceland, has been appointed ambassador to Russia, a post that has remained vacant since 1946 when Dana Wilgress was withdrawn at the time of the Russian spy probe in Canada.

Canada's first eight-lane span was opened at Vancouver on February 4, when the \$16,500,00 Granville Bridge across False Creek was completed two months ahead of schedule.

Heather Spears, an undergraduate at the University of British Columbia, won the trophy in oil painting at the Canadian intercollegiate art competition. Nine colleges (including the University of Toronto) submitted pictures to a panel of judges headed by A. Y. Jackson and Charles Comfort.

The Alcoholism Research Foundation of Ontario reports that 70 per cent of Canadian adults drink alcohol compared

to 59 per cent of Americans and that 64 per cent of Canadian women drink compared to 46 per cent of American women. Yet, Canada has fewer alcoholics for every 100,000 persons. Canada rates sixth in the world line-up of alcoholism, with the U.S. in first place.

The U.S. Immigration Department is closing its pre-examination facilities across Canada. Under the new ruling Canadians will be able to check on their admissibility and receive clearance and entry permits only at border entry points.

Two Canadian ballet companies, the Royal Winnipeg Ballet and the National Ballet Guild of Canada are at present touring Canada and the United States.

Mayor Harrison of Victoria, B.C., announced that he intends to burn all Communist books in the city's public library. Earlier in the week John Marshall, appointed to operate the library's new bookmobile, was dismissed by the board because of his alleged past association with Leftist organizations.

CCF leader Coldwell said he wondered how far Canada has moved toward totalitarianism when he reads of proposals to burn Communist books. He also said he was disturbed that the British Columbia Education Department has withdrawn from distribution the *United Nations Bulletin*, a fortnightly publication of the United Nations.

#### Our Contributors

For fifteen years (1925-40) DR. S. MACK EASTMAN was Chief of Section of the International Labor Office of the League of Nations in Geneva. He is at present living in Vancouver, B.C. . . . GORDON HAWKINS, who was a parliamentary candidate in the last British general election, contributed articles to our issues of October and November, 1953 . . . CARLYLE KING is with the department of English, University of Saskatchewan.

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